WORLD SOCCER

20p

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

JANUARY 1972

No doubt about it . . . FC Las Ibericas is the most attractive side in Spain. Not even Spanish soccer 'greats' Di Stefano and Gento could match them for their greatest asset . . . beauty. The girls are the stars of a new film, named after the team, about a girls' soccer team. The girls are, back row left to right: Colette Jack, Puri Villa, Margot Cottens, Rosanna Yani, Ingrid Garbo, Claudia Gravy. Front: Isabel Tittilola, Tina Sainz, Rafaela Aparicio, Maria Costi, Luisa Hernan.

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Contents

		Page
World Diary	*Roger Macdonald*	4
News from Mexico	*Carlos Ramirez*	6
Hungarian News	*Leslie Vernon*	7
Yugoslavs surprised		8
Havoc in Bulgaria		9
Irish news	*Colin McAlpin*	10
Ladislak Novak interview		11
Looking at soccer	*Brian Glanville*	12
News from France	*Andre Duclos*	14
United's latest genius?	*Eric Thornton*	15
Player portrait of Rivelino	*Eric Batty*	16
News from Canada	*Colin Jose*	18
Australian news	*Andrew Dettre*	19
Club Focus	*Jack Rollin*	20
Newsdesk		21
Post-war survey	*Eric Batty*	22
News from Holland	*John Sparrow*	24
West German newsletter	*Arthur Rotmil*	25
On the bosses	*Martin Rogers*	26
Neftchi players punished	*Arthur Rotmil*	28
Personal opinion	*Leslie Vernon*	29
Names make news	*Norman Cutler*	30
Swiss news	*Arthur Rotmil*	32
Club Focus on Gornik Zabrze	*Jack Rollin*	33
Millwall and Benny Fenton	*Brian Glanville*	34
Seen and heard	*Philip Rising*	36
Britten leaves Hull	*Eric Thornton*	38
West Ham—I salute them!	*Arthur Rotmil*	40
Invernezzi in the hot-seat	*Brian Glanville*	42
International Post-Mortem	*Roger Macdonald*	44
Eurotistics		46
News from Italy	*Philip Evans*	48
League tables		49
European Championship		50

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Scrap these games

UEFA's decision to sanction matches between beaten European Cup finalists Panathinaikos and South American champions Nacional was a regrettable one. The first leg of this two-pronged affair exploded into a violent encounter—with Morales of Nacional being sent off for a tackle that broke a leg of Tomaris.

The unofficial World Club championship has a sorry record. FIFA has never recognised these meetings of the European and South American champions and for that reason, as much as any other, there was no real justification for their inception. There has, however, been plenty of cause for these brawls to be stopped. They have harmed rather than improved inter-continental relations.

Ajax, 1970 European Cup winners, made a welcome and positive move this year when they refused to play against Nacional. At last the series could have been buried and thankfully forgotten. But no. Nacional arranged to play Panathinaikos and another bitter chapter was written into the story of this unnecessary competition.

Ferenc Puskas, manager of Panathinaikos, said after the first leg: "It may be rough but we go to South America because it is part of our soccer education. We did not like much of what went on today, but there is no point in putting up an umbrella after the rain has fallen."

But, my dear Ferenc, why bring the rain to sunny Athens in the first place?

COVER PICTURE

It was good to see Colin Bell of Manchester City back in the England team for the recent international against Greece. Bell has missed a number of international appearances through injury but his skill and all-round ability should assure him of a long future in the England side.

FACCHETTI WARNS OF DANGERS .....

WHEN the true cost is calculated, the European Cup tie between Borussia Munchengladbach and Internazionale Milan did irreparable damage to the image of Continental football. The violence on and off the field, the machinations behind the scenes, the indecisive refereeing, the sterility of tactics in the play-off, all combined to produce one of the most degrading European spectacles in living memory.

No wonder Inter's full-back, Italian international Giacinto Facchetti, said after the match:

Bertie Vogts of Borussia Monchengladbach . . . now out of the European Cup.

"I firmly believe that if this increasing trend to violence is not stopped, the European Cup will be dead and buried within three years.

"I know that in saying this I must, to some extent, be criticising my own team. But I cannot stand by and ignore my responsibilities as captain of Italy, especially as my livelihood, and the livelihood of many other players, is ultimately affected."

But although three Inter players were shown the yellow card by the English referee Jack Taylor, Facchetti would not accept that his team were primarily responsible—even for the broken leg sustained by Borussia's defender, Ludwig Muller.

Sadistic

"Muller was as much responsible for his own injury because of the way he went into the tackle with Boninsegna."

Facchetti's argument would have been more convincing, of course, had Taylor's control of the match proved exemplary, but there were far too many professional fouls, calculated down to the last sadistic inch, for anyone to accept that. Inter set out to achieve a goalless draw in a manner reminiscent of their worst moments in the 1960s, and the degree of success can best be calculated by the enthusiasm that the old sorcerer of negative football, Helenio Herrera, showed for their performance: "It was their most professional display for nearly five years," he told reporters.

Stupendous

Even then Inter would not have avoided defeat but for some glaring misses by the Munchengladbach forwards, and some stupendous saves by goalkeeper Yvano Bordon. Of the misses, the worst was undoubtedly that by Sieloff, after Mazzola had tripped Danner in the penalty area. Sieloff's kick from the spot was too slow and too close to the 'keeper.

An easy save then for Bordon, but on other occasions during the match he surpassed himself—particularly in the closing minutes when Wittkamp, and then Heynckes, produced full-blooded shots at point-blank range.

Bordon, at 20, has a great future ahead of him, and Inter must be congratulating themselves on their discovery. He was first noticed by one of their talent scouts, playing for the Marghera club, near Venice, at the age of 16. Inter signed him for some £700 and by the end of last season Juventus were prepared to pay over £300,000 for his transfer. The son of a peasant is clearly on his way to the top.

INVERNIZZI WINS ONE — LOSES ONE!

Even after Inter's goalless draw against Borussia had put them through to the European Cup quarter-finals, their coach Invernizzi looked gloomier than usual. His despondency might have been explained by a robbery at his West Berlin hotel the previous afternoon, when 600,000 lira, 100 French francs and 50 Swiss francs were stolen from Invernizzi's briefcase while he was supervising training.

Olsen boosts Utrecht

One of the reasons why Utrecht have made a strong start in the Dutch League this season has been the form of John Olsen, who gave up his job as a carpenter in Denmark to turn professional seven years ago. Recently PSV Eindhoven offered nearly £50,000 for his transfer, but Utrecht said they wanted at least twice that much to sell him.

Olsen's only regret is that the two seasons he spent in the American Soccer League at Boston did not bear fruit, and he had to return home. "The Americans wanted too much too soon," he said, "and with five Danes, three Jamaicans, two Scots, two Ethiopians and an Argentinian in the team, calling for the ball was disastrous!"

WORLD DIARY

by ROGER MACDONALD

UEFA surrender to SAC pressure

UEFA's ignominious surrender to the South American Confederation, in agreeing to nominate Panathinaikos to represent Europe in the Intercontinental Cup—why not Stockport County or the Chelsea Casuals?—would still not have prevented the games falling through, but for the intervention of the Uruguayan Finance Minister, Carlos Mario Fleitas.

Nacional, the reigning South American champions, were in the midst of preparations for the trip to Athens when the Uruguayan peso took a turn for the worse on the world markets. Its rate against the American dollar slumped from 370 pesos to 250, and Nacional immediately decided that they could not afford to make the trip.

At first the Uruguayan Government refused to give them preferential treatment, but Nacional's announcement that they could not travel brought such a bowl of protest in the Montevideo press that the Treasury bowed beneath the storm and allowed the club to buy dollars at 500 pesos apiece.

Notice the empty terraces at this Argentina championship match. During the recent players' strike, clubs fielded amateur players for their league matches . . . some boys of only 15 years of age. The paying spectators were not impressed—and stayed away. The strike is now over. A similar strike in Uruguay is also at an end.

Headache for FIFA

IT'S not only in table tennis that the Chinese are extending the olive branch of friendship, but their football team's arrival in Africa has produced an unexpected headache for FIFA.

China have just been to Tanzania, where they played five matches as part of Tanzania's 10th anniversary celebrations, but it soon became an occasion for political oratory. As the party arrived at Dar-Es-Salaam Airport, Tanzania called for the expulsion of Formosa from FIFA, and China to be admitted in their place—following recent moves in the United Nations.

But in fact Tanzania risk possible expulsion from FIFA themselves for playing matches against an unrecognised association—a thorny problem for FIFA to solve in this touchiest of continents.

British clubs are not the only ones, it seems, to have trouble with their younger spectators. The European champions, Ajax, have just abandoned cheap admission for schoolchildren because of the damage they have caused to stadium property—especially fences. So far this season it has cost Ajax £200 on average to make repairs after each home game.

Another Italian goalkeeper in the news—Alberto Ginulfi of AS Roma, who arrived in England last month to see a specialist about his heart condition. The decision to send Ginulfi abroad was made by the Roma board, following the widespread publicity given to Asa Hartford, when his transfer to Leeds United was called off following the diagnosis of a heart specialist.

Roma's manager Herrera said: "The fact that Hartford was subsequently cleared to play again did not affect our decision to send Ginulfi, because it is the expertise in such matters we are looking for—we know specialists are not always in agreement over such complicated matters."

Ginulfi has been consulting Sidney Rose, a surgeon and Manchester City director, who agreed to put him in touch with a suitable specialist. Accompanying him on the trip was talent scout Gigi Peronace, who seems to have turned over a new leaf in his old age, because he is now apparently on the Italian FA Council . . .

PASQUALE ARRESTED

Although a few British players have found themselves on the wrong side of the law, not even in one's wildest imagination could one conceive of Messrs. Alan Hardaker and Denis Follows ending up in jail. But this is exactly what has happened to Guiseppe Pasquale, former president of the Italian Federation. Six policemen descended on his Bologna home last month and took him to their local headquarters, where he was charged with "fraudulent bankruptcy". The charges apparently arose out of the dealings of a finance company of which Pasquale is a director.

Imports boost attendances

from CARLOS RAMIREZ
Mexico City

NO matter how hard you look it still remains a mystery—how did Mexican football achieve such a high level as a spectacle in a short one-year spell? One answer could be that a change in the organisation of the Mexican Football Federation now headed by Mr. Jose Luis Perez Noriega.

But, after all, no matter how capable the individuals who succeeded Mr. Guillermo Cañedo and his clan, they just cannot perform miracles in such a short time. A better answer could be found in the new influx of players from South America—mainly Argentina, Chile and Uruguay.

After the World Cup—a successful business venture for TV people and Mr. Cañedo, who works for them—a group of soccer-loving individuals kicked out Cañedo and started a reorganisation. They inherited a colossal task since clubs and players had concentrated all efforts in 1969 and 1970 to make the national side a showcase for World Cup exhibition to help stadia attendance and TV watching. They succeeded—partially. Because although Mexico did reach the final stage, they were ousted by Italy in a match which helped simply to remind us of the low international level of Mexican football.

Each group

After the 1970 World Cup, an experiment was started. Several changes took place: the 18 First Division teams were divided into two groups and each team played against the other 17. The winners of each group played in the final, won by America of Mexico City, spurred by their two Chileans, Carlos Reynoso and Roberto Hodge, and their scorer Borja.

America's success made all others look toward South America. Since the 1970-71 season gave Mexican football an all-time record attendance of over three million spectators—an average of 12,000 per match—they felt this was the answer to the problem.

Foreign players

As a result, the 1971-72 season started with an exodus of South American players to Mexican football. Many important names have joined practically all teams—only Universidad from Mexico City and Guadalajara have kept the tradition of signing only Mexican players. Cruz Azul, two times winner of the championship, found the temptation too big, and not only signed several foreign players but moved from tiny Jasso to Mexico City to get bigger gates.

Just a few names: Rendo and Viera, both internationals from Argentina, play for the Laguna team; Conigliaro from Estudiantes, Lima from Brazil, for Jalisco; Rafael Albrecht, Valiente, Davino and Salomone, all from Argentina, play for the 1971 cup-winners, Leon, a team coached by Antonio Carbajal, the world-famous international goalkeeper; and from Chile, Araya, Quintano, Castro, Hodge and Reynoso, all first-rate players who have joined Mexican football.

Once more 18 teams are fighting for the 1971-72 championship, divided into two groups. In Group One, America leads with 11 points out of 12. In Group Two, there is a close struggle for first place between Monterrey, Universidad, Guadalajara and Toluca.

Pedro Araya, from Chile, now playing for San Luis Potosi. He has scored five goals in three matches although he went to Mexico from Chile as a mid-field player and not a striker.

Since there are still 28 matches left to play by each team, it is premature to predict a possible winner. But certainly, insofar as the quality of football being played, the kind of reserves they carry and their coaches, America, Cruz Azul, Leon, Monterrey and Jalisco look the most likely candidates. The newcomers to the First Division, San Luis, after a poor start under the coaching of former international Salvador Reyes, picked up two new players—Pedro Araya from Chile, and Giribert from Argentina—and a new coach—Hugo Cheix—and they have won three matches in a row.

Several former Mexican internationals are now coaching. Antonio Carbajal, as mentioned, is with Leon; Raul Cardenas with Cruz Azul; Jose Antonio Roca in America; Ignacio Jauregui with Monterrey; and Alfonso Portugal with Universidad.

The Under-23 national team won in great style the North, Central American and Caribbean Confederation tournament, played in Trinidad-Tobago. The young Mexican team, of which many players for the 1974 World Cup will be selected, beat Trinidad-Tobago 2-0, Cuba 1-0, Costa Rica 1-0, Honduras 2-1 and had a 0-0 draw against Haiti. The opposition comprised fully-fledged national sides. It is hoped that the 1973 Concacaf tournament, to be played in Mexico, will serve as an eliminator for the World Cup.

The team was coached by Xavier de la Torre, who nevertheless announced he would resign the position, since the Mexican Federation is seeking a full-time coach for the national sides. De la Torre chose to remain with his team, Guadalajara, where he is completing his 12th season as coach. Several names were mentioned, and there was even talk of bringing somebody of importance from Europe to take over the national side until the 1974 World Cup. But after hot-headed discussions, it was decided that a Mexican should hold the post. The most likely name is Raul Cardenas, who would resign his present coaching position in Cruz Azul to take the job.

BALANCE SHEET IS EXCELLENT

THE barbers of Budapest were working overtime early in December, shaving off the surplus hair of the members of the national squad. No, it wasn't a stern order from the Minister of Sport a la Greece, or a whim of manager Rudolf Illovszky. On the way back from Malta, the players vowed that they would not shave until the European Championship qualification was guaranteed.

Bulgaria and France, most obligingly, shared the points in their two encounters, and the Magyars are now in the last eight. They hope that they will not be paired with their bogy team, Russia, or with Ramsey's Robots—all the other five possibilities would be regarded as a "good draw".

The '71 balance sheet of the national team is an excellent one, the best since 1967, when 83.3 per cent of the "points" were gained. This year, of the nine games played, six were won, two lost and one drawn (77.8 per cent), goals for 15, against 5. Only Fazekas, Zambo and P. Juhasz appeared in all nine games, but four others (Bene, Pancsics, Szucs, Vidats) only missed one match each.

Situation

Clearly the "backbone" of a regular team has been established, and there is no need to enlarge on the advantages of such a happy situation. Bene scored seven of the goals and, curiously, the other eight were credited to eight different players, including a couple of own goals.

After a short break, the national squad will go to a training camp in preparation for the friendly against Spain in Madrid (Jan. 12), and a South American tour which will take them to Brazil, Peru and Colombia.

Adding to the general euphoria currently surrounding international competitions, Ferencvaros registered a convincing 6-3 aggregate win over Eintracht Brunswick in the UEFA Cup. A 1-1 away draw was followed by an easy 5-2 home win with goals by defenders Balint (2), I. Juhasz and striker Branikovits (2). Previously, Laszlo Branikovits was involved in a serious car accident, and received a suspended sentence. The punishment included the withdrawal of his passport, so this slim, talented forward was unable to travel with the team to West Germany.

Honved also made a small splash in "Europe" with a good start in the Mitropa Cup. The Army team beat Sparta at Prague 3-2 and the Yugoslav holders of the trophy, Celic, 3-0 at home.

Ujpesti Dozsa, as was confidently anticipated, finished the autumn half of the season well ahead of their rivals. However, they lost their unbeaten record in the penultimate match of the campaign, when they were beaten 1-0 at Kispest by Honved. Kocsis got the winning goal, but the man of the match award went to Istvan Zsolt. This brilliant referee has now reached retiring age (50), and the crowd gave him a well-deserved ovation.

Flourish

Zsolt, perhaps the best Hungarian referee of all time, has officiated in countless internationals and is very proud of the fact that he was the man in the middle at Wembley no fewer than ten times! Certainly a record for a foreigner—or perhaps an all-time best even if one includes British officials.

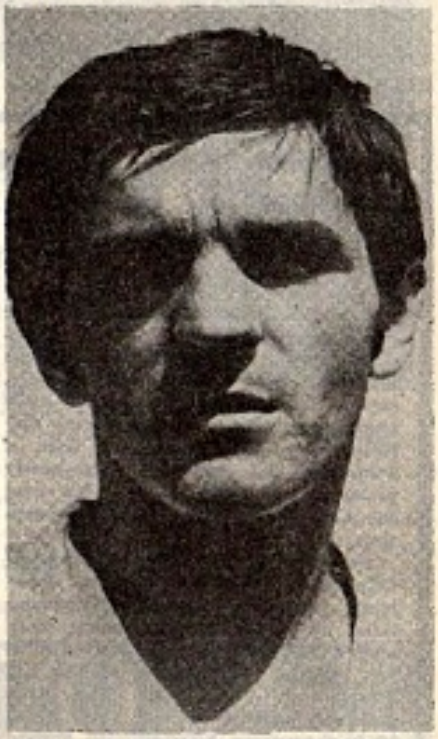
Dozsa won their last game 5-1 against Eger with the help of a Fazekas hat-trick and a goal each by Bene and A. Toth. Fradi also closed the season with a flourish. Their last match (v. Komlo) marked Albert's 300th league appearance for the club, and Flori was equal to the occasion. After four minutes he scored his 240th league goal and added two more before the final whistle. Szoke and Ku got two more, making the final score 5-0.

Unbeaten

Vasas travelled to Tatabanya and their 3-1 victory completed a topsy-turvy season for the red and blues. In seven home matches they only collected four points, while in their away fixtures they remained unbeaten, winning six times and drawing twice. Salgotarjan beat Csepel 3-2 and finished third in the table. This is a great achievement for a provincial club in Hungary, and it would be a small miracle if the miners' team managed to hang on to their "UEFA Cup" placing.

Janos Farkas has been playing really well for Vasas, and both he and Albert might be included in the national touring squad. Pecs only scored seven goals in their 15 matches, but their heroic defence, especially the acrobatic goalkeeper, Rapp, secured 13 points for them. MTK are at the foot of the table, but in the spring half of the season, which opens on March 5, they will be able to field a much more experienced side, because the suspended "rebels" will be back in action. There were 330 goals scored in the 120 matches, for a reasonably healthy 2.75 goals per match.

Top Scorers: Bene (Ujpesti) 16, Fazekas (Ujpesti) 16, Szoke (Ferencvaros) 12, Albert (Ferencvaros) 9, A. Dunai (Ujpesti) 9.



Bela Repas of Salgotarjan. (Photo: Interfoto MTI)

Dragan Dzajic, out of the Red Star side.

Yugoslavs surprised

AFTER qualifying comfortably for the European Championship quarter finals, the Yugoslavia Olympics team took a nasty knock when they were beaten 0-2 by East Germany at Rostock. With a proud tradition in the Olympics, the Yugoslavs can still save themselves, for the return will be staged in Belgrade in April when a host of fine players will be available.

New national boss Vujadin Boskov, also manager of the Novi Sad club he once starred for, Vojvodina, is coming under some pressure to quit his club job. Certainly the FA would prefer it, but Bojkov's contract does not expire until 1973, and neither he nor the club show any signs of moving from their position.

Atrocious

Since Zlatko Cajkowski was persuaded to resign by pressures within the Dynamo Zagreb set-up, the team, under Drasin Jerkovic, has remained unbeaten. After beating champions Hajduk Split 1-0 in atrocious conditions, Dynamo drew away 2-2 against FC Sarajevo and now occupy sixth place in the league table, five points behind the leaders Zelejeznicar.

Rajko Mitic, the former outstanding international inside-forward who managed Yugoslavia when they did so well in the 1968 European Nations Cup, has been tipped in recent months to join almost every club in the league. Finally it was his old club Red Star that won his services but not as expected to be first team manager. Mitic has taken charge of the Youth squad, nominally at least, junior to all the five coaches who serve the first team.

Neighbours

Red Star's championship bid has slipped a bit in the continued absence of Dragar Dzajic. Beaten by Radnicki, held at home to 1-1 by Celik (Red Star won 17-0 on corners), finally beaten 2-1 at Split, they nevertheless continue to occupy second place only one point from the top and level with neighbours OFK anad Vojvodina. Santrac, OFK's little centre-forward, heads the scorers' race with 14 goals to his credit and it is Partizan and their manager Branko Zebec who it is said are most in dispute. After a bright start and hitting the lead early on, Partizan have collected only four points from their last nine games.

ROSTOV SAVED

ON the last day of the season in Russia, ASK Rostov (FA Cup finalists) saved themselves from relegation by beating new champions Dynamo Kiev 2-1. Simultaneously, several hundred miles away, the 1970 champions CSKA Moscow were fulfilling the same ambition with a scrambled 2-2 draw away to newly promoted Karpaty Lvov who won the Cup two years ago and promotion last season.

For CSKA as for their Moscow neighbours, this has been a disastrous year. For one thing Dynamo Kiev never looked like being challenged for the title, and this doubtless affected attendances at the big matches in the capital that were generally disappointing, and with 1969 champions Spartak also failing and Dynamo flopping after a bright start, provincial clubs finally occupied the top four places — Dynamo Kiev, Ararat Jerewan, Dynamo Tbilissi and Zarja Voroschilovgrad, in that order.

Dynamo Moscow and neighbours Spartak finally shared fifth place with 31 points each from 30 games, and Torpedo right beneath them with only 28. Torpedo's campaign was an unusual affair, for with an attack unable to score goals they seemed to settle for not conceding them. Their final figures show only four wins in 30 matches but a fantastic 20 draws!

Eduard Malofeev, 29 years captain and inside forward of Dynamo Minsk, topped the scorers list with 16 goals—three of them coming in the last match drawn away to Torpedo 3-3. Malofeev now joins the illustrious band that have reached three figures of goals in league games, still headed by Nikita Simonian who hit 156 for Spartak in his playing days. Following Malofeev were Markarov (Ararat Jerewan) with 14 goals and Dynamo Kiev's Kolotov (10).

Schachtjor Donezk were first to be booked for relegation and after the last round were joined by Pachtakkor Taschkent. But many critics voiced the opinion that play-offs should be staged with only goals between Taschkent club and three others: CSKA, Zenith Leningrad, ASK Rostov. Up to Division I come Dnjepropetrowsk and Lokomotiv Moscow, the latter an old-established club.

HAVOC IN BULGARIA

Peter Jekov, recently scored his 200th goal in Bulgaria.

WINTER closed in hard and early in Bulgaria, creating havoc amongst the last league fixtures and causing the national team seeking revenge over France for a recent defeat in Paris to be kept down to a mere 15,000 that made the huge Vassil-Levski concrete bowl appear empty.

Almost a month earlier, on a snow-covered pitch, Levski's championship hopes all but died, and since then CSKA have stormed into a clear seven-point lead at the top. Until Levski's collapse after 11 matches it looked as if another interesting duel was brewing up between the top star-studded Sofia clubs, but now the destination of the league title is all but settled.

In the last round of matches CSKA were held by neighbours Slavia to a goal-less draw largely because most of the 22 players involved had hopes of being selected to play against France, and no-one was prepared to risk injury on the treacherous surface.

Meanwhile, in Plovdiv, Levski were crashing once more, losing 2-1 to Trakia while the other Sofia big gun, GSK Spartak, shared seven goals away to Botev Vratza. In the second half GSK led by 3-1, but a late hat-trick by Botev centre-forward Kamenov gave the home side a 4-3 win with two minutes to spare.

It now seems that if anyone is to challenge CSKA it will be Beroe of Stara Zagora who share second place with Levski and have come with a good run. Their centre-forward, Petki Petkov, briefly replaced Petar Jekov for the away game with France recently. Jekov, Europe's top scorer 18 months ago and four times top marksman in Bulgaria, hit his 200th league goal on the last day of the autumn campaign—the first Bulgarian to reach this figure. Strangely enough, Jekov, who is now with CSKA, came to the fore with Stara Zaflora himself.

Czech award for Dobias

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S Footballer of the Year for 1971 is Spartak Trnava's elegant international right-back, Karol Dobias. A player of immense skill and still only 24 years old, with 20 caps, Dobias was booked five times during the year by the notorious Czech referees. Winner of the trophy in 1970, Dobias was followed home by Pavel Stral (Teplice) and Jaroslav Pollack (VCC Kosice) in a poll organised by the weekly sports magazine "Stadion".

Slovan Bratislava appear to have recaptured the form that won them the European Cup Winners Cup and league two years ago and are good value for their two points lead over nearest challengers VSS Kosice, whom they visited recently to draw 2-2. Meanwhile Dukla Prague are having their best season for some time and occupy third place after a 1-1 draw at Trinec in terrible conditions. In a swirling snow-storm and a temperature below freezing, one could forgive the fans for staying at home, preferring to watch the game live on television.

Only 289 people braved the weather to watch the game in the flesh. In their previous game Dukla had beaten Prague neighbours Slavia 1-0 with a goal scored by Strunc and pulled in 15,000, which for them in Prague is no mean achievement.

Also on the last day before the three-months lay-off Sparta continued their improved form with a 1-1 draw at Trencin, and VSS Kosice won the local derby against Lokomotive by 1-0.

In the first half of the season, nine players were sent off in First Division matches — a slight improvement on the recent past—while the average attendances jumped once more following last season's decline to an average of almost 10,000 per game. Biggest crowd of the half season was at Brno who have an average of 20,000 and pulled in an amazing 35,000 for the visit of Slavia. With former international star Jan Popluhar playing for them, Brno hover dangerously close to the relegation places, but with support like that it would be a disaster if they were to go down again.

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New-look season on the way?

AS football in Northern Ireland squares up to the distinct threat of virtual destruction, a series of meetings sponsored jointly by the Irish Football Association and the Irish Football League are currently being held in an effort to solve the many problems that abound. And already a charter has been drawn up in an effort to plot a pathway through the gloom and apathy . . . a charter which, it is hoped, will point the way to a solving of the problems.

The charter—it touches on such topics as fixtures, professionalism, the pools, sponsorship and the Press—is the result of an initial meeting held some weeks ago in the IFA headquarters in Belfast when officials of the 12 senior clubs met to discuss their individual problems and to seek, if possible, solutions.

Future meetings will include representatives from the "B" Division clubs and the recently-formed Professional Footballers' Association, though personally I feel the base should be even broader with the inclusion of the various supporters' clubs and the Press. After all, I have argued often, it is as much in our interests as anybody's that the sport survives and thrives.

Obvious

Basically the present unhealthy state of football can be blamed on the terrible civil unrest in parts of Northern Ireland (though by no means in all parts of the Province). Yet it would be foolish for the clubs to lay all the blame on this particular doorstep for it has been painfully obvious for some years that all was not well with the Irish League set-up.

Indeed, faced with such problems posed by civil unrest, it is a constant miracle that the game continues at all. Much can be said in favour of those officials, fans and players who maintain such a high standard of football under such trying circumstances. Yet the problems and headaches remain and must be resolved.

The points raised in the charter call for closer examination for they do contain the heart of the problem. So much so that if they, and nothing else, were worked on many of the problems would be solved right away, or at least eased considerably.

On the question of fixtures a growing body of opinion favours a pruning of games and competitions. It must be admitted that many of our domestic competitions are unimportant and could do with an early death . . . though I don't really see such a pruning leading to the mid-winter break recently advocated by Coleraine boss Bertie Peacock.

The problem is that in a 12-team League set-up a number of fixtures, however unimportant, are necessary if only to carry the game through the season as it stands now. A shorter season is another matter entirely!

Personally I feel we could well do without the Ulster Cup or City Cup (one ought to stay if only to provide useful pre-Championship experience for players and managers), the Gold Cup and the County Antrim Shield (which, anyway, does not include all the senior teams). This leaves us with the League Championship and the Irish Cup and here the oft-mooted idea of a new League Cup competition (embracing teams from the "B" Division and senior amateur ranks) might prove a useful addition.

Thus the new-look season, with the added bonus of several new teams and new competitions, would include the Ulster/City Cup, the League Cup, the League Championship and the Irish Cup. Those with a head for statistics could better work out the actual number of games involved . . . but right away we have reduced the number we now play and gone a little way towards a brighter season.

Professionalism

Harry Cavan, IFA president, has long been in favour of reverting to amateurism—while the PFA, a body which has produced its own much-praised charter (though it touches more on the needs of its members than the needs of the game as a whole, not that they are uninterested in such needs), calls for even more professionalism, in terms of actual money as well as general outlook—and the meeting suggested a change from professionalism to non-amateurism, a term I'm still trying to work out.

The trouble is that the game here is a professional one and it would be difficult, if not downright impossible, to alter the fact. Clubs claim, with or without justification, that they cannot afford to pay players (though as it works out at around £10 a week I suspect they are not all that hard up) too much more. Yet if the game was made attractive enough to bring in more spectators then surely more money would become available. It is, I know, a vicious circle but one we must, for the moment, travel around.

A total change of season, from the winter to the summer, has its supporters and with a possibility of attracting the pools people away from the Australian fixtures it has a lot going for it. Because Irish League fixtures are seldom, if ever, used on the pools no money is available from them. I don't think the officials who insist on getting a cut of the pools handout have much to stand on. After all, in all fairness to the promoters, if they don't use our fixtures why should they have to pay for not doing so?

Sponsorship has always been available for the Irish League though the officials have not been keen to take up the offer. It was left to the go-ahead Football Writers' Association in Northern Ireland to arrange the £100 Guinness Goal Star award for the leading scorer—and at first the League saw the disadvantages before they were prepared to concede that they were outweighed by the advantages—and today it stands alongside the highly-successful Blaxnit all-Ireland Trophy as the only sponsorship for major soccer in Northern Ireland.

At club level Coleraine have organised sponsorship by local business houses with mixed success. No other club, that I'm aware of, has followed this lead.

Behaviour

But it is at national level that sponsorship is needed. And for potential sponsors the field is rich indeed. Aside from actually throwing money behind a competition such things as sportsmanship awards, manager of the month awards, team of the year awards and crowd behaviour awards are all going begging. No doubt the League and IFA officials, faced with the crying need for more money, will turn their attention with more determination to the possibilities.

At Press level there is a curious "Us and Them" attitude on the part of some officials. At league level there is often a total lack of co-operation and at club level an often frightening lack of understanding as to how good press relations can assist the game.

The idea of such a series of meetings is by no means new—I mooted it about a year ago both in my own 'paper in Belfast and in WORLD SOCCER—but they are welcome nonetheless. Football is at the crossroads, let's hope we take the right turning!

by LADISLAV NOVAK, manager of Czechoslovakia

OUR AIM IS 1974

THIS LAST SEASON, 1971, was not a lost year as some people appear to think. For one thing, you must take our early performances against the background of what followed the 1970 World Cup and the suspension of the entire team. This surely demoralised everyone and dropping a point by drawing 1-1 at home in Prague against Finland was indicative of the atmosphere at that time.

Together with Ladislav Kacani, whose advice and assistance I value very highly indeed, I think we can say that we managed to stablise things. It wasn't easy at first but now I'm sure the players as individuals and the team as a whole accept their responsibilities, and this is the first step towards consistent results and success.

We had a good year, starting with a 3-1 away win over Wales and whatever the standard of opposition it's always nice to win away from home. And we were unbeaten until we travelled to Bucharest for the last of our European championship matches. The Rumanians beat us 2-1 but we were not at all disgraced even if it means that we fail to qualify in this competition. First you must understand that the Rumanians are a good team, rather easy to beat away from home as we found in Prague but a very different proposition in Bucharest, where they would probably prove to be as good as any team in Europe right now.

Depression

From our point of view, a year in which we have four wins, two draws and only one narrow defeat cannot be described as "lost". It was a good season in my view, particularly when you realise that taking over as Kacani and I did in a period of depression we set out with the longer-term objective of qualifying for the 1974 World Cup. This will be the real test and I'll be disappointed indeed if we do not qualify.

This is what we all want, particularly the players. And we all realise that the journalists and the Czechoslovak people all judge their team by comparison with what they call the Chile team. Of course, I played in that team, which reached the final of the 1962 World Cup. I don't think it's a bad thing either to look back and compare the Chile team with that of the moment. It serves as an example and an inspiration for everyone concerned.

Scheduled

Now we are going to South America at the beginning of the winter break in Czechoslovakia. We shall take everyone who went to Bucharest and also three of the younger players who were all unfit for that game—Gajdusky, Tomansk and Zlocha. We will be away for five weeks and in this time we have only seven matches scheduled so we'll have plenty of time for training, too. This is our first target now. As I see it we have a sound team and the basis for success. But the team needs polishing.

Our problems very largely revolve around our traditional slow build-up from defence and midfield to attack. As individuals the players tend to hold the ball too long. We also have the habit of playing "across" the pitch too much and this also wastes time. We have to learn to combine our skills and go forward quickly. By comparison with some of the best teams we are also weak in finishing off our moves, the final touches that bring goals. The top teams today all have forwards who are quick, sharp and direct in front of goal. Here our players are at least as skilful as the rest but lack something. Perhaps it's aggression or determination. But it's something else we shall be working at.

Milan Albrecht of Czechoslovakia.

My conception of the game has changed enormously since I stopped playing and became a coach. To start with, as a player you have only yourself to worry about but as a coach the problems are multiplied. When I was young I concentrated on becoming a First Division player and I'm sure that our young players are the key to long-term success. You must start early in soccer for you can never make up later for time lost when you are young.

Today it seems clear that the Slovaks are more successful and also better organised in their approach to youth. The Czechs, by comparison, lack facilities for playing and training. Perhaps the biggest thing youngsters need is good coaches when they are young and unfortunately the best coaches seem to prefer league clubs and some are even abroad. The youngsters need most.

Training

Spartak Trnava provide a fine example for everyone in Czechoslovakia.

Clearly their training methods are very up-to-date and they produce football that is not only effective but nice to watch too. But another equally important thing —they seem able to bring young players into their first team without difficulties, and when youngsters settle down quickly and naturally at top level it is indicative that people are working very hard behind the scenes.

Certainly we have enough young talent and very good players for the immediate future, too. But it's not enough I think to merely win matches. We have to seek out players that will be a good example in every way; in their private lives, in training and on the pitch. For me, clean play is most important. It's a big task and not easy. You have to impose your influence and educate the players in every way . . . as people.

THOU SHALT NOT BE FOUND OUT

THERE may seem on the face of it to be very little connection between Skelmersdale and the Russian Olympic soccer team. In fact they represent different sides of that counterfeit coin which is modern amateur football. Skelmersdale were investigated by the Football Association for alleged shamateurism, but—and here is at least one major difference—no one will bother to investigate the Russian Olympic team which, packed with star Division One players, recently thrashed the French 5-0 in the Olympic qualifying tournament. No doubt, even if the centre-forward was Ishtoyan, who had just made two appearances as substitute against Northern Ireland in the World Cup, everyone was relieved that for once the Russians had not put out their full team.

The investigation of Skelmersdale was a shoddy farce that reeked of victimisation. If you are going to peer and pry into the affairs of Skelmersdale, then why not just about every major so-called amateur club in the South of England? The only real transgression now, when everybody is pressing money into the greedy, hot little hands of shamateur players, must be that of the eleventh commandment which, as we all know, is Thou Shalt Not Be Found Out.

Which brings me to the Corinthian-Casuals, about whom there is nothing, at least in this sense, to find out. The Casuals made another dreadful start to this season's Isthmian League Championship, and there were no special signs that anything was going to get better. If it did, it would inevitably not be for long, since, as always, the higher paying, less principled shamateur clubs would gather round the non-paying Casuals and do their best once more to lure their star players. The silly persistence of the laws of libel prevent me, here, from listing the long roll of players whom the Casuals have lost though some—like their centre-half Chris Joy, who certainly did not leave to be paid—have returned to them.

Nicolae Dobrin of Rumania.

Fashionable

Though I am aware that the Corinthian-Casuals made many mistakes, above all the snobbish one of snubbing players from less fashionable backgrounds or red brick universities when the Oxbridge blues became available (now the Oxbridge blues, no longer predominantly public schoolboys, want to be paid as well) I still have great sympathy with them. They not only do their best in the cesspit of shamateur football, they also run a school's side which goes about playing the public school and grammar school teams (and even one's own Chelsea Casuals!), and they organise lively and interesting public schools matches each Christmas on the splendid Bank of England grounds.

The trouble is that there is just no future for such a club. I don't blame the Football Association for failing to enforce amateurism, which is just about as hopeless a task as enforcing prohibition. I do blame them for allowing the shoddy farce to continue, conniving at it in such cases as that of Skelmersdale, instead of being as honest as the MCC and abolishing distinctions altogether.

As it is, the Corinthian-Casuals are in the most wretched of situations. Brief success means that they are robbed of their best players. Failure means that good players who might want to join them will not do so.

'I do blame the FA for allowing the shoddy farce to continue'

ADE COKER
the young Nigerian-born West Ham discovery, recently played against London University in a match watched with interest by Brian Glanville.

LOOKING AT SOCCER • BRIAN GLANVILLE •

It is the more ironical in that London University, from which the Casuals, before they amalgamated with the Corinthians, now has one of the best teams in its history. I watched it recently losing 3-1 to West Ham A, who included three players, Ade Coker, Paul Heffer and Patsy Hollands, with First Division experience, and was much impressed. There was not much penetration at the front—though no doubt there would be considerably more against amateur opposition—but the defence was strong, the midfield intelligent, the team as a whole well knit and rational.

Langley, the centre-half, a tall, thin player once guilty of a painful foul on Coker, is good enough to be playing regularly for Fulham reserves. Some of these players turn out for the ex-London University club, Ulysses, in the Greater London Metropolitan League, but when they leave university they tend to go, alas but understandably, to a shamateur club which will pay them. Understandably, because they mostly come from working-class homes where money is scarcely abundant, and if they remain at university after their degree to undertake research, they need every penny they can find.

Controversy

A great leap forward, or backward, now, to return to the subject of the Olympic Football Tournament. It continues to be the subject of controversy, and there are those who would like to do without it, I believe, in 1976. But surely its salient feature, now, is its utter pointlessness. When such a wildly and widely variegated job lot of teams go in for it, what does it matter and what can it mean whoever wins it? As it is, we have the Russians, the Rumanians and the rest cheating like mad, while the Israelis cynically keep their football amateur or, rather, shamateur, so they can continue to enter for Olympic tournaments.

Readers may remember that one of the players who most impressed me on my visit last summer to Rumania was a red-headed inside-left called Flaviu Domide, of U.T. Arad. He had, as I reported, made no appearance for Rumania in the 1970 World Cup, and was so disappointed that he had vowed never again to play for his country.

Another fine young inside-forward not to get a game in Mexico was Dobrin, the prodigal son of Rumanian football. When it came, however, to the vital European Championship match in Bucharest against the Czechs . . . they both played. Dobrin, indeed, got the decisive goal, and when he went off, who came on as substitute? Why, Domide!

Maximum

Another "D", however, did not figure in the match. Florea Dumitrache, the gifted young Rumanian centre-forward, was in mediocre form when I was in Bucharest. Like so many star players, he was, I learned, fed up with a shamateurism which demanded maximum effort in time and commitment, while paying minimal wages. The trouble with these Iron Curtain teams and players is that they travel, and seeing Western Europe and its footballers can scarcely be good for them. The standard of living behind the Iron Curtain is still, by comparison with the affluent West, miserably low.

In countries like Rumania to become a—I nearly said, Heaven help me, professional—footballer is an ultimate fantasy, but even when you have succeeded, and escaped the dreary life of the generality, you are still a poor man by comparison with the Bests and Cruyffs and Rivas. Bitter predicament for a footballer as good as Dumitrache, who would surely be coveted by almost any club in the West.

How ruefully and enviously they must eye Ion Pircalab, who did get out and is now playing so well in France at outside-right for Nimes. Pircalab was the outstanding Rumanian forward of his day, but now there are many as good and better, with this material difference. He is out, and they are still in.

Report from ANDRE DUCLOS

French back in high spirits

THAT victory over Bulgaria at Nantes, even if it was watched only by 10,000 fans, did much to restore French self-respect after the disappointing loss at the hands of Hungary in Paris, and the double beating of Olympique Marseilles at the hands of Ajax. What happened afterwards in Sofia would plainly be secondary, to the extent that this was a match which there would be no shame in losing. But the spirit which seemed to have been built up in such abundance on the South American tour of the turn of the year, was so lamentably missing from the Hungarian defeat, the inferiority of Marseilles' immensely expensive team to Ajax was so manifest, that something was needed, and the Bulgarian win was it.

One of its most interesting features was that it was achieved without so many first line players. Another was that some who had lately been criticised more than vindicated themselves. Above all there was, in this context, the brilliant performance of Georges Carnus, who left St. Etienne for Olympique Marseilles this season with Bernard Bosquier, in circumstances of which you will by now be well aware.

Diplomatic injury

Both had been much criticised lately, and Bosquier, in fact, withdrew from the match on rather unconvincing grounds. So did Gilbert Gress, who of course came back to France from VfB Stuttgart in the middle of last season, to join Marseilles. Gress, who also had what might be termed a diplomatic injury, made it known that he did not want to be considered for the national team unless he came on as a first choice, rather than as a substitute, which was what happened in the Paris game against Hungary.

Those Spurs' fans who saw Nantes hold Tottenham to 1-0 in the Union Cup at White Hart Lane may be interested to know that Blanchet, the clever right-winger—so good at laying the ball off under pressure, with opponents at his back—returned to the international side against Bulgaria, joining his club-mate, Michel. But the star of the side when he came on late in the game—always excluding the splendid Carnus—was the young inside-forward, Floch, of Monaco.

General agreement

Claude Quittet, a late choice at centre-back, had an interesting game, giving away the penalty from which Bonev put Bulgaria in the lead, then, with an excellent header, clearing the way for Georges Lech to equalise. As one French critic somewhat wryly remarked, it was too rare for a French player to get the better of the opposition in the air not to make something out of it.

By general agreement, Quittet and the ginger-haired Roby Herbin, the versatile St. Etienne player, are the two best headers of a ball in France. Quittet says, not very originally, that he thinks it is because they both have an excellent jump and can hover in the air long enough to get a purchase on the ball. Which is as much as to say that they head the ball well because they head the ball well. Quittet had a very kind word for Martin Chivers, whose heading, he said, had him lost in admiration; he headed the ball as someone else might play it with the hands, for all the world like a basketball star. "In France," he said, "we push and strike more than we play. Take the example of Couecou (the Marseilles striker) and Joseph (of the same attack, till he was expensively displaced). These are two opponents I've always had trouble in containing. But it's because they work with their strength. . . . The real heading is that of Chivers, Kocsis, Ruben Bravo (the Argentinian who played for Nice). With the double jump."

By contrast with last season's two-horse race between Marseilles and St. Etienne, this season's championship is far more even and interesting. St. Etienne have been weakened by the loss of their four stars to Nice and Marseilles, but Olympique, for all their heavy spending, have not been able to get clear at the head of the table, and their pursuers grow more numerous every week. Nimes, under the shrewd managership of Kader Firoud, whose own goal helped England scrape an uneasy draw against France at Highbury in 1951, are pressing hard. The combination of Ion Pircalab, the Rumanian international right-winger who forced Mircea Lucescu to become an outside-left, and Jacky Vergnes, the young centre-forward, is still very fruitful.

Crowds have been sliding at Marseilles since their defeat in the European Cup. 18,000, which they got in their subsequent home game when they beat Angoulême 3-0, would have been highly pleasing on almost any other ground in the country. But Marseilles this season have been worth 30,000 fans a game. It would be interesting to know what has happened to church attendances after that curious "pilgrimage" of a thousand Marseilles fans to pray for success in the European Cup met with so little evident response. . . .

Sochaux, who had been chasing Olympique very briskly, inspired by the midfield play of Georges Lech, were recently surprised by Paris St. Germain who beat them by the only goal of the game, at St. Germain. The star that day, and a great stalwart of the newly promoted, terribly ambitious team this season was a 33-year-old veteran midfield man, Jean-Louis Léonetti, now with his eighth club. Léonetti gave a splendid pass for the only goal, but too often his clever balls meet with little response from his colleagues. 10,178 fans saw this game, which was fairly encouraging. When the great move to the Parc des Princes takes place, there must be at least reasonable hopes that the new club will find the support it so desperately needs.

Great stalwart

St. Etienne, with Roby Herbin playing some superb games, has meanwhile kept in the hunt for the title, young players like Patrick Revelli and Larqué continuing to do well in attack. The other two teams promoted last season from the National League, Monaco and Lille, have done less well so far than Paris St. Germain, Monaco, having thrown money about so lavishly to acquire such stars as Floch, are in the lower middle of the table. Lille, at the time of writing, are staring relegation in the face; even though the crowd is managing at least to attain the 8,000 target which represents financial safety.

Meanwhile, Georges Boulogne, the veteran national team coach, has spoken out strongly against critics of his tactics, saying that the controversy over attack or defence has been laid to rest in practically every other footballing country other than France, and that the controversy is unquestionably doing harm to the French game. His players love him.

Spotlight on SAMMY McILROY
by Eric Thornton

Sammy McIlroy, pictured with his girl friend, after he had burst on to the League scene.

UNITED'S LATEST GENIUS?

WHEN you're a fit and happy 17-year-old the world's usually a marvellous place to live in, and the future couldn't be brighter.

That's exactly how Sammy McIlroy feels these days, while considering the possibilities of the football career on which he is now well and truly launched.

McIlroy? A great name. But this time it has nothing to do with that feller Jimmy, the one-time sorcerer of Ireland and Burnley, and administrative personality for Stoke, Oldham and Bolton.

Today, sir, we are measuring up an athletic teenager who could develop into one of the game's greatest stars, yet only a few short months ago was completely unknown in any part of Britain, except to those closely associated with Manchester United.

As a matter of fact, it's only a couple of years since the youngster was playing the juvenile lead in schools soccer on the other side of St. George's Channel — and liking it.

Possession

Most Saturday mornings, the boy was to be seen contesting possession on junior playing fields bordering the main road to the airfield at Belfast's Nutts Corner, and not even a leprechaun would have forecast a likely climb to the summit.

But Bob Bishop happened along one fine day, and the man who has been scouting the six counties for Matt Busby these last 20 years immediately noted the abundant promise, the hallmarked touches, the inborn confidence.

So Sammy crossed the herring pond for the first time in his young life, moved into home-from-home club digs in Stretford, and began operating in United's third and fourth teams, and mostly in the No. 10 spot.

One of the keenest of pupils, this youngster of the latent ability remained just another of those making up the number so far as the autograph hunters were concerned, and he walked in and out of the Salford training headquarters without being asked to sign for anybody.

Clear-eyed

Of course, the fans were interested only in Georgie, Denis, Bobby and others in that famed grouping, and never stole a second glance at the clear-eyed, enthusiastic Irish kid.

Which reminds me, now I come to think of it, it's just how his friend and adviser George Best, who reached Manchester by the same route from classroom level, was treated in his formative years at the start of the last decade.

Anyway, Sammy was walking on air when eventually promoted to the Central League line-up of the official "Stiffs", last winter, and one or two folk who know a thing or three began paying particular attention.

Came last summer, and the arrival of new boss Frank O'Farrell, a manager with the nerve to experiment, and the confidence to offer an untried youth his first golden chance.

Came the autumn, and the McIlroys back home were delighted because he was handed a first-team spot, and had the effrontery to mark the occasion by scoring.

The Stretford Enders took him to their hearts. They warmed even more when the newcomer hit a second in another game, and then a third to celebrate a recall for the thrashing of Southampton, shortly before Christmas.

Now, the name is beginning to bob in and out of all the sports pages. And naturally, because when its the goals that matter which keep going in nobody can play down a chap's identity.

Everybody is beginning to sit up and take notice, and some are thinking back and noting a fantastic and growing similarity in the careers of Best and McIlroy.

For George, who once said, "I believe Sammy could become one of the greatest," was also a mere slip of a 17-year-old when making his debut for the Old Trafford firm. . . .

FIFA meeting to be held in Majorca

THE Irish Football Association in Belfast has asked FIFA to hold its board meeting in Northern Ireland in 1973 instead of next year because of the present situation. A spokesman said FIFA had agreed to the change and had suggested to the four British associations that next year's meeting be held in Palma de Mallorca on June 10.

TWIN-RO ROB

WHEN the Brazilian national squad toured Europe under Aimore Moreira in the summer of 1968, they brought with them to the old world several young players who had come to the fore since the failure of 1966. Amongst them, and by repute a skilful and talented gaucher, Roberto Rivelino from Sao Paulo.

Many other players before him had visited Europe with a growing reputation only to find they were unable to use their skills and dominate in the faster style of play in Europe. Many, too, had returned to Rio and Sao Paulo never to be seen again. But if Brazil's results on this tour were not particularly impressive, it was clear that several newcomers had real potential, amongst them Carlos Alberto, Tostao and Rivelino.

Rivelino's left foot was indeed gifted. He was quick, too; decisive in his passing, exciting in his dribbling ability — an intelligent, constructive footballer with elegance and an instinct for creating the goal chance, though he seldom scored himself. At that time, however, Rivelino lined up at inside-left, the position he had occupied throughout his climb through the junior teams of Corinthians FC.

Preference

This meant that however much Rivelino might develop in the following 18 months it was unlikely that he would appear as a first choice in the 1970 World Cup in Mexico, for who could imagine him gaining preference over Pele and Gerson — Brazil's outstanding inside-forwards of world class.

So it transpired, for if Aimore Moreira had given up his job for the 1970 World Cup qualifying matches which Brazil played in July and August of 1969 under Joao Saldanha, the new boss was just as much an adherent of 4-2-2 as his predecessor and, equally, an admirer of both Pele and Gerson. Rivelino was in the squad but looked upon at that time as nothing more than a very useful reserve—a stand-in for Gerson.

Brazil qualified for the last sixteen without Rivelino even getting one touch of the ball in match play. By this time, however, there was considerable activity going on behind the scenes within the Confederacao Brasileira de Desports, and the outcome of it all was the dismissal of Saldanha and the appointment of former left-wing star Jorge Mario Zagallo.

The appointment of Zagallo was critical for Rivelino, for here was a man with unBrazilian ideas. His first heresy was to reject the 4-2-4 system Brazil had perfected and christened, preferring the European's 4-3-3, but in addition he also recognised that the prime reason for the humiliations of 1966 stemmed, apart from tactical backwardness, from the conviction that skill and talent alone could master the physically stronger though less skilled Europeans.

As a result the Brazilians spent almost three months on preparing their players physically, and for the supporters of Rivelino this was a revelation. Retaining all his old skill and flair Rivelino was now chunky, far stockier than before and more robust.

The new Rivelino now exhibited considerably thicker thighs, and there was a snap and decision about his tackling that had been absent before. The talented but almost wistful inside-forward who had ghosted through games now became a bundle of energy, a human dynamo that hammed through matches, winning balls and pushing them forward to well-placed colleagues and frequently bursting forward to help press the final assault on goal himself.

Finally, Zagallo cast Rivelino for the old withdrawn left-winger role that Zagallo himself had filled with distinction for Brazil, enabling Pele, Gerson and Rivelino to play together for the first time. If Rivelino owed a great deal to the new Brazilian team-chief he certainly repaid this debt with interest, and in the Mexico World Cup it was he who largely dominated the midfield regions.

Distribution

Challenging, tackling, foraging for the ball, Rivelino kept the skilful Brazilian strikers well supplied with ammunition, and the steady stream of balls which Rivelino prodded forward invariably had a quality that was generally lacking in the distribution of his equally hard-working colleague on the right flank, Clodoaldo.

Basically Rivelino's tasks looked formidable. With Clodoaldo filling the gap between defence and attack on the right, and Gerson withdrawn deeper than usual to a position only just in front of the Brazilian defence, Rivelino had to fill the left midfield role — a combined left-half - cum - inside-left game that the illustrious Didi had performed with such distinction in earlier tournaments. But, in addition, Rivelino was also to move forward at frequent, regular intervals to provide a stream of accurate centres from the left-wing.

Rivelino fulfilled this secondary role as Zagallo had done before him, moving up from his withdrawn position in support of Tostao or Pele to receive short passes played out towards the left-wing — and return them promptly and accurately into the centre. From many of those accurate early crosses from Rivelino the Brazilian spearheads were to create goal-scoring opportunities.

The confidence that Zagallo placed in Rivelino was clearly demonstrated when he began to take free-kicks in Mexico. They had clearly been well-rehearsed, and it is significant that Rivelino took more direct free-kicks than Pele. In one of the early qualifying matches against Czechoslovakia, Rivelino was to score from a direct free-kick with a manoeuvre that shattered all the Czechs and not least their experienced goalkeeper, Viktor.

Contemplating

With the Czech defenders busily constructing their defensive wall—six men spread out just inside their own penalty area—Pele retrieved the ball and placed it in the appropriate spot and stood contemplating what to do with his shot. Viktor, both eyes on Pele, was completely bewildered when Rivelino ran from the area covered by the Czech defensive wall to shoot, hard and accurately—low down to Viktor's right hand.

This manoeuvre was repeated with a slight variation in a later game against Peru, ending once more with a powerful left-foot shot from Rivelino, but this time the ball struck the left-hand post and bounced to safety, much to the relief of the bemused Peruvian goalkeeper, Rubinos.

Earlier in that same game against Peru, Rivelino had opened the scoring with a fine left-foot shot, picked off after an error by Campos, the Peru right-back. Play had built up on the right flank through Clodoaldo, Gerson and Jairzinho and culminated with a high centre from the right-wing. The ball flew across the Peruvian penalty area to Campos, who headed the ball down and then attempting to follow up and clear had slipped. This gave Rivelino just half-a-yard advantage, and it was all he needed. From his support position just beyond the penalty area, Rivelino had been looking for a half clearance or the chance to shoot from a pass laid back from a Brazilian front player. Now, as Campos slipped, Rivelino stepped forward to measure his shot and send the ball

LES FOR ERTO

Player Portrait of RIVELINO by Eric Batty

screaming across the penalty area where it went into goal off the foot of the far post!

Perhaps Rivelino's most memorable contribution in his orthodox left-wing role was reserved for the final tie against Italy and the climactic last goal that gave Brazil a 4-1 win. With Clodoaldo dribbling the ball across-field from right to left, Rivelino took up a support position on him, slightly deeper and to the left. As Clodoaldo moved left so did Rivelino so that he was constantly perfectly placed to receive an easy pass. After a run of perhaps 40 yards Clodoaldo finally released the ball, and there was Rivelino in an orthodox left-wing position. With the ball on its way to his feet, Rivelino looked across the field to find a suitably placed target, and there in the middle of the Italian half was Pele, marked—but only loosely.

Opponent

Rivelino's first-time cross found Pele's feet, and the Santos star turned, feinted to beat his oncoming opponent and then flicked the ball forward and to the right. His angled pass was exactly right for with the ball on its way to Pele, right-back Carlos Alberto had moved upfield to overlap Pele on the right-wing, and sprinting forward into unoccupied space he caught up with the ball just on the edge of the Italian penalty. From there, Carlos Alberto's tremendous cross-shot found the Italian net to bring the 1970 World Cup to a fitting climax.

Since then Rivelino's exploits with his club, Corinthians FC, have become legend, and according to the club President: "Rivelino is creating a new public of his own". "This was in response to critics who asked was he worth the terms of his recently signed two-year contract that gives him, with signing-on bonus, salary and other bonuses an estimated 1,000 Cruzeiros a week, or approximately £82 a day.

This, apparently, is a figure second only to that earned by Pele, and if the critics think he is being overpaid let them reflect that Rivelino is one of the very few Brazilian players who will be an automatic choice when they come to defend their world title in 1974, and still in his early twenties, he will be around for many years yet.

COLIN JOSE reports from CANADA

Soccer has greatest potential

SPEAKING before the start of a soccer game in Hamilton, Ontario, this summer, John Munro, Canadian Minister of National Health and Welfare, stated: "At the Fitness and Amateur Sport Directorate division of the Ministry of National Health and Welfare we feel that soccer has the greatest potential of any sport in Canada."

Coming five years ago this statement would have been ludicrous, but today with soccer making enormous strides, particularly at the youth and schoolboy levels, it is not very far off the mark, and although it has a long, long way to go before it can equal the popularity of ice hockey in this country, soccer can indeed become Canada's number one summer sport if the present rate of progress is maintained.

Amateur

There are many people who believe that opportunity is now knocking for soccer in Canada and point to the fact that the national amateur team played a total of 12 games in 1971 and used a total of 26 players in international competition—many of them for the first time—and a great many of them under 20 years of age.

At one time Canadian international teams were made up of European-born players who had taken out Canadian citizenship, but if the present trend is continued then Canada will soon be fielding teams of players who were born and learned their soccer not only in Toronto and Vancouver but also in Regina, Winnipeg and Calgary and many other places never before noted as soccer centres.

Stan Adamson, secretary of the 84-team Toronto and District League, told me recently that the number of Canadian-born players playing in what was primarily an ethnic league has risen in recent years and in 1970 had reached 14 per cent. Perhaps not a very high ratio to some people, but a high percentage in a country that has always regarded soccer a foreign sport played by foreigners, and one that is expected to grow considerably in the years ahead with the influx of young players from the current boom in youth soccer.

In 1976 soccer across this vast country will receive a further boost when the Olympic Games are staged in Montreal and with them of course the Olympic Soccer Tournament, to which Canada will gain automatic entry as the host nation.

This past summer, playing in the Olympic and Pan American tournaments, the Canadians won five and lost five while drawing two of their games. In the Olympics, Canada were narrowly beaten in their group by Mexico, whom they beat 1-0 in Vancouver but lost to by the same score in Mexico City. The difference came in Canada's failure to beat Bermuda at home after defeating them 3-0 on the Atlantic island.

At the Pan American games in Cali, Columbia, Canada impressed the Latin Americans so much that they have been invited to tour Mexico, Argentina and the Caribbean.

John McMahon, the team's general manager, who was largely responsible for the highly professional manner in which the team was run, told me that he was well satisfied with the team's performance and praised the coaching of former Plymouth Argyle player Frank Pike. McMahon pointed out that Canada's failure to win any of her last three games was mainly due to injuries, and but for this the Canadians would have provided a strong challenge to Argentina, the eventual winners.

Medical

"I don't want this to sound like sour grapes,' he said, "but we did not have the medical attention our players needed to recover from the injuries received in the earlier games, and therefore we were fielding teams that were not fully fit."

For its Olympic Games, Canada had the excellent services of Dr. Freed, one time team physician with Honved of Budapest in their great days, but at the Pan American Games were forced to rely on the medical attention provided to the entire Canadian team, and when playing outside Cali this proved to be almost negligible.

The next major item on Canada's agenda is the World Cup of 1974, and in the preliminary rounds they meet Mexico and the United States. For these games they can call on a number of Canadian-born professionals currently playing in England, provided of course that their clubs are willing to release them, as well as young players such as Kevin Grant, John McGrane, Steve Davidson, Jim Rosengren and Carlos Simas, who gained invaluable experience this summer.

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Australian News by ANDREW DETTRE

ISRAEL — THE BETTER TEAM

I THINK it's appropriate if I start this piece with a joke, to be interpreted as a parable. After the six-day war General Dayan is asked by a reporter: "What would you have done if you had lost the war?" "Well," says the famed war hero, "I would have started another one under my wife's name."

Australia in November lost a three-day war with Israel — and the atmosphere is somewhat gloomy. We all expected or hoped that the visiting Israelis will be contained, if not totally subdued. After all, they were before the start of their domestic season, postponed because of the bribe controversy in Tel Aviv and came without some of their established stars, like the brilliant Spiegel and the tough Primo.

Australia also faced the three-match series with some handicaps: our season ended in September, and national team coach Rale Rasic had the greatest difficulties to keep a semblance of his squad together. Further problems presented themselves when a number of regular internationals dropped out. Warren, Curran, Roche and Reilly were injured while Schaefer, Abonyi, Watkiss and Marnoch bowed out with business commitments. If you add to this already frightening list Doyle, Rutherford and Keddie, ignored for disciplinary reasons, it's easy to see that Rasic had to create an almost new team, being without his stalwarts of the 1969 and 1970 campaigns.

Performance

The first match, in Brisbane, was a curious affair. Australia, to everybody's surprise, played delightful football, created a dozen chances, yet had to be content with a 2-2 draw instead of winning handsomely. In Sydney, Israel gave an improved performance while Australia's display was ragged—yet we won 1-0, with a superlative goal by ex-Berwick Rangers man Alan Ainslie.

In both these matches Israel's danger man was the polished, skilled and inventive Mordechai Spiegler. When it was found out that he had to leave for London before the third match, to take part in the Geoff Hurst testimonial, we all sighed with relief.

Too soon, as it turned out. In the Melbourne match Israel played confidently and brilliantly, like a well-oiled machine while Australia's performance lacked fire, cohesion and imagination. The 3-1 Israelis win was flattering; it could have been 7-2.

As it so often happens in soccer, some critics promptly demanded Rasic's head, blaming him for some odd selection blunders. But Rasic will stay; his commission runs for another three years. However, it's certain that he will think long and hard about some of the players he had trusted so implicitly and who let him down.

Israel played better now than when I last saw them two years ago. They have improved in the physical aspects of the game; it's harder to brush them off the ball in close combat. Some of their defenders, like stopper Rosen, full-back Bello and mid-fielder Faigenbaum, can give as well as take knocks.

Distribution

Spiegler and mid-fielder Shum are the real stars of this talented team. Spiegler, with his deceptively long strides, has tremendous acceleration, superb ball control, distribution, and is also a fine finisher into the bargain. He is without a doubt one of the finest forwards seen here for years—and that includes some of the Manchester City, English FA team and Moscow Dynamo stars. Shum, a tall, powerful youngster of 23, reminded me of the great Bozsik of Hungary; he can cover an enormous territory, tackles well and moves smoothly into the attack.

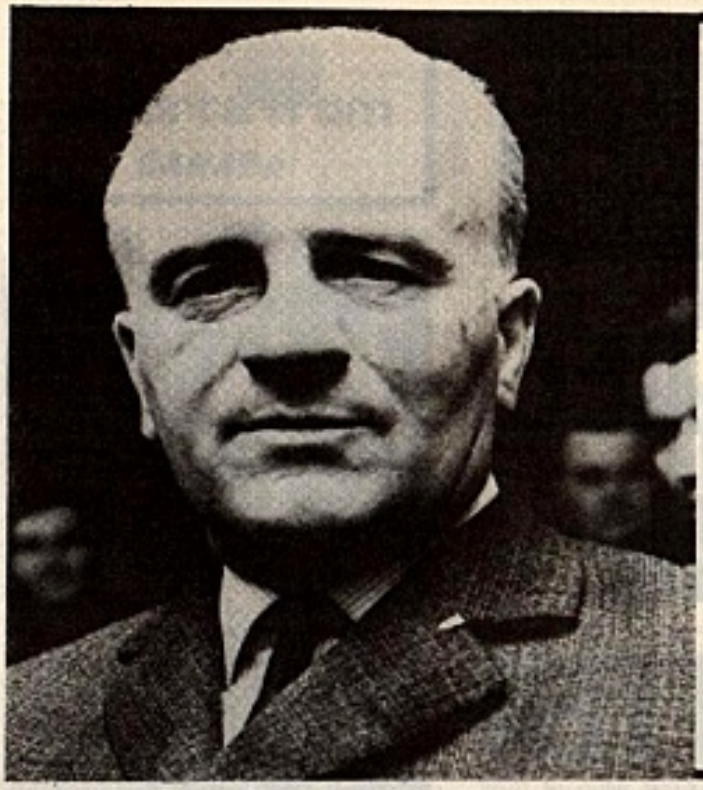
The three matches against Israel served as a yardstick to check the preparedness of the Australian national team. It is obvious that improvements will be needed, and Rasic will have to work overtime in 1972 to reshape his side. To help him, the Federation is seeking a number of matches for the team in Asia, in countries not in our World Cup group.

Israel centre-half, Yeshayhue Schwager and Australia centre-forward Max Tolson contest possession.

Meanwhile, the Federation is pressing forward with its plea to FIFA to have the World Cup groupings altered. They argue, rather reasonably, that the proposed group tournament for eight teams —Australia, New Zealand, Indonesia, India, Iran, Kuwait and Syria — would be far too large and cumbersome. Australia would like to have this group halved — and then would be glad to apply to hold the smaller series in Sydney.

Coaching

Not directly connected with these plans yet an integral part of our team's future is the injured Australian captain's, John Warren's decision to attend a three-month coaching course in Kuala Lumpur, from January to April, held by FIFA staff coach Dettmar Cramer. Warren suffered a severe cruciate ligament and meniscus injury eight months ago and hasn't played since. The tough schedule in Kuala Lumpur will undoubtedly determine whether his leg can stand the strain of further playing—or he will have to retire, prematurely, at the age of 28.



Former Gornik boss Michal Matjas.

POLAND AND THEIR MINERS

Club Focus on GORNIK ZABRZE

by JACK ROLLIN

THE Polish miners from Upper Silesia are proud of the performances shown by their team Gornik Zabrze in Europe. Although they came nearest to complete triumph two seasons ago when they reached the final of the Cup Winners Cup, only to lose to Manchester City 2-1 in Vienna, their dozen attempts to lift a European trophy have been studded with one or two black diamond achievements.

In the 1960s Gornik enjoyed an almost unbroken run of success at home. After their first title in 1957 they won again in 1959 but it was not until 1961 that they embarked upon a domestic dominance which saw them take the title on six occasions out of seven.

Last season Gornik ended their worst spell for a decade when they won the Polish League for the first time in four years and entered their ninth European Champions Cup competition.

With a strong nucleus of the national team—even today they can field as many as nine internationals—Gornik are a formidable side in the Eastern European set-up.

Experienced

The club's most experienced international is centre back and skipper Stanislaw Oslizlo who has made nearly 60 full appearances for his country. His twin centre back in Jerzy Gorgon, a 21-year-old who had previously won "B" international honours before being fully capped for the first time against Albania in 1970. Just over six feet tall, Gorgon is well built and a difficult opponent to get past.

Behind them Gornik are well served with experienced goalkeepers. First choice these days seems to be Jan Gomola, a 29-year-old and another full international for Poland, who has the nod over 30-year-old Hubert Kostka. Kostka has played nearly a score of times for Poland but is a mining engineer who strangely enough lost his place in the Gornik side after a poor performance for the national eleven.

Full-backs Jan Wrazy (27) and Zygmunt Anczok are both internationals, too, while another mining engineer Henryk Latocha, also 27 years old, is usually substitute for either of them.

A feature of the full-back play by Gornik is that they invariably make full use of attacking moves from their own half whenever on the offensive.

In midfield the trio of Zygfryd Szoltysik, Erwin Wilczek and Alojzy Deja combines experience, youth and constructive ability. Wilczek, at 30, is the oldest and despite his small stature is a lively performer with a high work-rate. Szoltysik is 28 and even smaller! But again he is a mobile part of the Gornik midfield operation. Both players have a penchant for scoring, too, which fakes them doubly useful.

The third member of the threesome is Deja, at 21 a recent addition to the international scene and like his other two midfield colleagues a player who has worn the national colours more than once.

Up front, of course, there is one big star in Wlodzimierz Lubanski—known more by his nickname of Wlodek—who has been creating news in Poland since he burst on to the international scene at the tender age of 16, some seven years ago.

Lubanski is a striker of considerable talent and at present is closing the gap between himself and Ernest Pol as the highest scorer for the Polish national team. Pol achieved 40 goals in 49 internationals and Lubanski is nearing his 50th cap, too.

Lubanski had the assistance of Pol in his early career since both players were Gornik men.

But the firing line of Gornik is not a single shot affair. Hubert Skowronek is quick and often excels when he comes on as a late substitute, finding that extra bit of pace carrying him past tiring defenders. Jan Banas (27) usually adopts the point of the attack but has an able deputy for the role in Jerzy Willim. Banas is again a full Polish international of recent vintage.

In reserve Gornik can also look to the defensive qualities of full-back Lucjan Kwasny, Eduard Woitala in midfield and Wladyslaw Szarynski (28) on the wing.

Direction

In recent years Gornik have achieved better results when they have played under the direction of the Hungarian Dr. Geza Kalocsai and after spells being guided by Michal Matjas, a Pole, and the Hungarian Ferenc Szusza, revived under Kalocsai's rule.

During their ventures into Europe, Gornik have managed some notable successes, often good enough on the day to win one leg but not the complete tie. Among those teams they have beaten in such circumstances are Tottenham Hotspur, Dukla Prague, CSKA Sofia, Manchester United, Rangers and Manchester City.

Their worst defeat came at the hands of an English club when in the first round of the 1961-62 European Cup they crashed 8-1 to Spurs at White Hart Lane after winning the first leg 4-2 and looking

● Continued on page 33

World Soccer newsdesk... ...World Soccer newsdesk

Police officer jailed in Lima

Hercules Brito, suspended for a year in Brazil.

A RETIRED police officer has been sentenced to 30 months imprisonment for ordering police action which led to the death of more than 300 people in the Lima soccer disaster seven years ago.

The worst tragedy in modern sport came during a game between Argentina and Peru on May 24, 1964, when a valley of teargas fired against rioting spectators touched off a crowd stampede in which 328 people died.

The sentence came five days before the charges against retired Police Colonel Jorge Azambuja Reyes would have lapsed under Peru's statute of limitations. Colonel Azambuja, who was retired from the force after the tragedy, had eluded sentence by going into hiding and failing to appear before the court trying the case.

But he gave himself up following a government decree authorising courts to try and convict people in absentia and impose stiffer sentences than would normally be the case. The court, which denied Colonel Azambuja the right of appeal, also found him guilty of negligence and failure to adopt security precautions when he ordered teargas to be used near the end of the game.

Qualifying

The rioters at Lima's national stadium were protesting against a decision by the Uruguayan referee, Angel Pazos, disallowing a goal by Peru when the home team was trailing 0-1 in the regional qualifying match for the Tokyo Olympic Games.

The teargas touched off a stampede in which people were crushed underfoot or died from asphyxiation when the human avalanche pressed them against the closed stadium gates. Thousands more were injured.

Colonel Azambuja denied he had ordered the teargas to be used, but admitted he had failed to take action to correct deficient security conditions at the stadium. The prosecution, which asked for a four-year sentence, produced pictures showing Colonel Azambuja himself hurling teargas grenades at the panic-stricken crowd.

The retired police officer, who was also ordered to pay damages totalling 870,000 sols (£8,300) to 60 of the injured and relatives of 117 dead, will serve his sentence in a police barracks in Lima.

Brazilian international Hercules Brito has been suspended for a year for allegedly hitting the referee during a game between his club, Botafogo, and Vasco de Gama on October 31. The suspension was announced after a five-hour meeting of an investigatory commission of the Brazilian Sports Federation (CBD) in Rio de Janeiro.

Brito, 29, was a defender in the Brazil team which won the World Cup in Mexico last year.

Another Botafogo international, winger Jairzinho, was suspended for six matches after the commission decided he also took part in the attack on referee Jose Pereira.

Brito told newsmen he strongly denied attacking senhor Pereira during his appearance before the closed door commission meeting. He described his suspension as "unjust" and said he hoped Brazilian President, Emilio Garrastazu Medici, might "amnesty" him.

China's national team visited Dar es Salaam recently for a rare overseas tour as part of Tanzania's 10th anniversary celebrations. The 25-man party, comprising 18 players, officials, a doctor and an interpreter, were welcomed at the airport by Mr. Ali Chambuso, chairman of both the city council and the Tanzanian Football Association.

The party was led by Mr. Tung Nein Li, assistant secretary-general of the all-China Athletics Federation. The players, all sporting badges of Chinese leader Mao Tse Tung on their high-buttoned, dark-grey Mao-suits, waved and clapped as traditional Tanzanian dancers and drummers put on a welcoming show.

THE stepping stones the United States amateur team must take along the road to Munich have finally been mapped out. Their journey starts on the island of Jamaica on January 16 and one week later they move across the Caribbean to Mexico. Guatemala is the next stop on April 16 and then back to the United States for the three return games on April 25 (v. Guatemala), May 10 (v. Mexico) and May 14 (v. Jamaica). As yet no venues for any of the games have been chosen.

In order to reach this stage of the Olympic Soccer Tournament in the CONCACAF region the US was required to overcome Barbados and El Salvador in the first preliminary round and this they finally achieved by the narrowest of margins via a play-off win over El Salvador on penalty kicks.

Miami, Florida, was the scene of the first two games that the US played and at the Hialeah Stadium, close to the famous race track, they drew with El Salvador 1-1 and beat Barbados 3-0. The return game in El Salvador produced another 1-1 tie and then the Americans went on to beat Barbados again, this time by a score of 3-1 in Bridgetown. With El Salvador also beating Barbados twice, a play-off was necessary.

Ironically, the National Stadium in Kingston, Jamaica, was the venue selected and at the end of full-time the score was once again a 0-0 draw. In extra time the US took the lead with a goal by Al Trost but before the end El Salvador had equalised thus forcing a series of penalty kicks. Five different American players put the ball into the net from the penalty spot, but El Salvador missed their fourth kick and thus were eliminated.

By far the most significant factor about this United States team, irrespective of whether they qualify for Munich or not, is the part being played by college players. Coached by Robert Guelker, head coach at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville, and Julius Menendez, coach at San Jose State College, the squad includes a very large percentage of players who have graduated from or are presently attending US colleges.

Post-war survey ITALY by Eric Batty

A TALE CITIES

THE most outstanding feature in the Italian post-war game has been the manner in which the twin industrial cities—Turin and Milan—have dominated the championship to such an extent that only on four occasions in 26 years has the title gone to a team from any other city. Indeed, when Bologna took the title in 1963-64 they were more than a little fortunate for within striking distance of the end Internazionale appeared to have it sewn up. Earlier Bologna had been "fined" league points following a dope-case, and Inter were comfortably ahead when a late appeal reversed the original ruling and restored the lost points. This levelled matters overnight, and Bologna and Inter finished level on points. Thus Inter were forced to a play-off three days after appearing in the European Cup Final, and Bologna took the title.

Italy's centre-forward Roberto Boninsegna in action against Israel defender Rosen.

Throughout the 'fifties, industry provided football-minded businessmen whose money was used to import many of the world's outstanding stars. *Stranieri* became almost commonplace with the lesser clubs joining in by signing imported stars that had failed to shine from the wealthy clubs or attempting to find a "scoop" by engaging a lesser known star from South America that could be obtained for a reasonable fee.

Perhaps the biggest surprise of all was the success in 1969-70 of US Cagliari who play in the island of Sardinia. Against the might of the fast-developing industrial cities, Cagliari's success would have been unthinkable ten years earlier and surprised more than a few people when it came though they had threatened to take the title for two seasons previously. Their ace card was undoubtedly Italy's top marksman, left-winger-cum-centre-forward Luigi Riva whose talents are so outstanding that one wonders how all the big clubs on the mainland failed to spot his potential.

The other outsider to succeed was Fiorentina who, by rights, are one of the traditional leaders of the Italian game even if their successes are greeted with surprise. Once in the 'fifties and again in the 'sixties Fiorentina have won the championship and throughout the period under review they have maintained a reputation for playing football with a continued affinity for real wingers.

Immediately after the second war the grand Torino were all set for a lengthy period of domination. With Valentino Mazzola—the father of Inter's Sandro — the goal-scoring centre-forward and a fine team to back him, they won the league title four years in a row. Torino's hopes and their immediate future ended in the ashes of Superga where a plane carrying the entire club party of players and officials crashed on a hillside when returning from a match in Portugal in 1949.

Torino's fortunes understandably waned after Superga, but after a spell in Division II they have returned to a position of near equality, and twice in the last few years they have

ITALY

	Champions	P	W	D	L	Goals F.A.	P
1945–46	Torino	40	30	4	6	108.32	64
1946–47	Torino	38	28	7	3	104.35	63
1947–48	Torino	40	29	7	4	125.33	65
1948–49	Torino	38	25	10	3	78.34	60
1949–50	Juventus	38	28	6	4	100.43	62
1950–51	AC Milan	38	26	8	4	107.39	60
1951–52	Juventus	38	26	8	4	98.34	60
1952–53	FC Internazionale (Milan)	34	19	9	6	46.24	47
1953–54	FC Internazionale (Milan)	34	20	11	3	67.32	51
1954–55	AC Milan	34	19	10	5	81.35	48
1955–56	Fiorentina	34	20	13	1	59.20	53
1956–57	AC Milan	34	21	6	7	65.40	48
1957–58	Juventus	34	23	5	6	77.44	51
1958–59	AC Milan	34	20	12	2	84.32	52
1959–60	Juventus	34	25	5	4	92.33	55
1960–61	Juventus	34	22	5	7	80.42	49
1961–62	AC Milan	34	24	5	5	83.36	53
1962–63	FC Internazionale (Milan)	34	19	11	4	56.20	49
1963–64	Bologna	34	22	10	2	54.18	54
1964–55	FC Internazionale (Milan)	34	22	10	2	68.29	54
1965–66	FC Internazionale (Milan)	34	20	10	4	70.28	50
1966–67	Juventus	34	18	13	3	44.19	49
1967–68	AC Milan	30	18	10	2	53.24	46
1968–69	Fiorentina	30	16	13	1	38.18	45
1969–70	Cagliari	30	17	11	2	42.11	45
1970–71	FC Internazionale (Milan)	30	19	8	3	50.26	46

LEADING SCORER		FA CUP WINNERS
Mazzola (V) (Torino)	31	
Mazzola (V) (Torino)	29	
Boniperti (Juventus)	27	
Nyers (F.C. Internazionale)	26	No competition between 1943 and 1958.
Nordahl (AC Milan)	35	
Nordahl (AC Milan)	34	
Hansen (J) (Juventus)	30	
Nordahl (AC Milan)	26	
Nordahl (AC Milan)	23	
Nordahl (AC Milan)	27	
Pivatelli (Bologna)	29	
Da Costa (AS Roma)	22	
Charles (Juventus)	28	Lazio
Angelillo (FC Internazion)	33	Juventus
Sivori (Juventus)	27	Juventus
Brighenti (Sampdoria)	27	Fiorentina
Milani (Fiorentina) / Altafini (AC Milan)	22	Naples
Nielsen (Bologna) / Manfredini (AS Roma)	19	Atalanta
Nielsen (Bologna)	21	AS Roma
Mazzola (S) (FC Internazion) / Orlando (Fiorentina)	17	Juventus
Vinicio (Lanerossi)	25	Fiorentina
Riva (Cagliari)	18	AC Milan
Prati (AC Milan)	15	Torino
Riva (Cagliari)	20	AS Roma
Riva (Cagliari)	21	Bologna
Boninsegna (FC Internaz)	24	Torino

OF TWO

won the FA Cup. Generally, however, it was left to their neighbours, Juventus—one of the traditional giants—to carry the flag for Turin in their struggle with Milan.

In the period under review, Juventus, AC Milan and FC Internazionale have each taken the title on six occasions though there have been many close-fought battles behind these figures. Over the years it has been the wealth of this trio, not only the resources to engage big name players but to pay them salaries and bonuses that make the loss of private life and strict adherence to a life for football worthwhile. Paradoxically if the wealthy industrialists sparked off the boom in the Italian game and perpetuate it, the coaches have done their best to stifle and destroy it with their insistence on the catenaccio system of defensive tactics.

Catenaccio began as a weapon of the lesser clubs whom it enabled to contain the free-scoring stars with the big clubs, and it remains one of the eternal mysteries why teams with skilful players that can produce creative attacking football and score goals should be shackled by a method devised for inferiors. Despite this handicap the big clubs continue to attract crowds and dominate the honours, proving only that good players will prevail . . . whatever.

Contemporary Italian star, Gianni Rivera, in full flight.

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SUCCESSES:

Juventus	13
FC Internazionale	11
Genoa	9
AC Milan	9
Pro Vercelli	7
Bologna	7
Torino	7
Fiorentina	3
AS Roma	1
Casale	1
Novese	1
Cagliari	1

FA CUP VICTORIES

Juventus	5
Torino	4
Fiorentina	3
AS Roma	2
AC Milan	1
Lazio	1
Naples	1
Atalanta	1
FC Internazionale	1
Genoa	1
Venezia	1
Vado	1
Bologna	1

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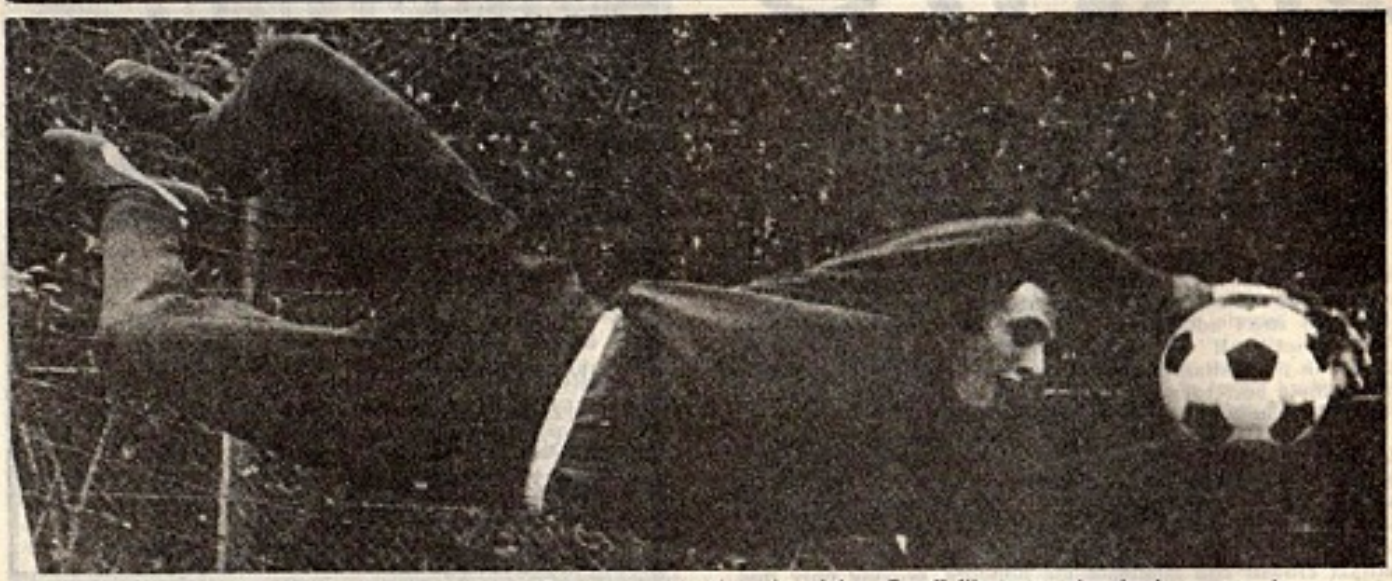
The Dutch scene.....by JOHN SPARROW



This player is generally seen scoring goals rather than preventing them but Johan Cruyff illustrates that he is no mug between the posts.

FEYENOORD LOSE TWICE —AJAX LEAD

THE 50,000 fans in the Rotterdam "Kuip" could not quite grasp it. Dutch champions Feyenoord had lost at home. Not since the nightmare of December 17, 1967, when Xerxes DHC of Delft stormed to victory, had the mighty Rotterdammers fallen on their home ground.

Destroyers of the four-year run were FC Twente. Willy van der Kerkhof sped through the Feyenoord half seven minutes before time and calmly pushed the ball into the net and the home team off the top of the league. For while Twente were brushing off the champs in Rotterdam, Ajax were winning 2-3 away to Utrecht.

A week previously Ajax had beaten Feyenoord 2-1 in Amsterdam to draw level on points, the champions staying top on goal average. Ajax clinched the Amsterdam clash after sewing up the midfield play. They had gone ahead in the 24th minute when a Muhren free kick reached the accurate head of Sjakie Swart.

"Dropped"

Their second was an own goal from unlucky Rinus Israel. With Feyenoord throwing everything into attack Ajax's Suurbier had belted the ball out of his penalty area to where Johan Cruyff was waiting in midfield. Hot on the heels of the Ajax star, Israel tackled in the penalty area and watched aghast as the ball flew off his boot into the net. Israel pulled one back for Feyenoord just before the end.

For the Twente game Feyenoord were without Willem van Hanegem who, said the club, had an ankle injury. Van Hanegem—one of Holland's top earners—squealed however: "I've been dropped. I'm fit to play." Trouble loomed.

There followed the boring spectacle of van Hanegem sulking in public. Pursued by press, TV and radio, moody Willem rose to the occasion and unloaded his problem on to the Dutch public. "I've no idea why I was dropped. And I'm not going to ask. I'm not going to ask if I can play again either," he said.

Trainer Ernst Happel declared, "Willem had an ankle injury and in my opinion could not play against Twente. When Willem isn't moaning something is wrong with him. Good footballers are always like that. I was when I was still playing."

The same week Holland met Luxembourg in a European Championship match. Dutch coach Fadrhone had included van Hanegem in the squad, then spoke to Feyenoord and declared he would not play him because of an ankle injury. "I don't understand," insisted Willem. "I go through this ankle ten times a year. It's nothing.

The climax came with the Feyenoord man sitting on the reserve bench. Holland were en route to an 8-0 victory. Fadrhone wanted van Hanegem to go on for the final stages, but the player just jumped the railings and walked back to the dressing-room.

Afterwards he said: "I was getting a bit cold. Fadrhone asked me if I wanted a little go, but I didn't feel like it."

The affair ended with Happel phoning him after the international, suggesting a talk the next day. Van Hanegem told him: "I have no fight with you." And at the weekend the player was back in the side.

Reports that Olympique Marseilles were interested in van Hanegem brought a sharp answer from Feyenoord manager Brox. "Maybe they are interested," he said, "but we won't let him go that easily. Willem has a contract with us until July, 1973. Believe me he won't go."

Feyenoord themselves have been showing interest in Harry Vos, the 23-year-old PSV defender. His contract with the Eindhoven club has run out and he wants to leave. PSV were asking for 300,000 guilders.

Another player on the move was Ruud Suurendonk, from Ajax to Monaco.

Johan Cruyff passed the 150 league goals mark. In Ajax's 5-2 win over Telstar, 24-year-old Cruyff scored three, the second being his 150th since he began his league career with the team in 1964-65.

WEST GERMAN NEWSLETTER
by
Arthur Rotmil

Müller fails to equal record

ENGLAND'S team manager, Sir Alf Ramsey, probably drew his own conclusions after watching his prospective and definite opponents play out a goalless draw in literally "heavy weather" at Hamburg, West Germany, who, thanks to this laboriously earned point qualified for the quarter-finals of the European Championship, could be England's stumbling block yet again, as they proved in the last World Cup series. Poland, who can take comfort especially from their magnificently organised defence which deserved this honourable draw, are England's chief rivals in the World Cup qualifying group which also includes Wales.

After Germany's 3-1 win in Warsaw the odds were stacked heavily against the Poles, but as so often happens this return encounter turned out to be a most difficult affair played in hail, snow and with a blowing gale on a heavy pitch. The absence, through injury, of the three Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach stars, Berti Vogts, Jupp Heynckes and above all Günter Netzer, does not wholly explain the lack of penetration in the German forward line.

Reduced

The world's most lethal striker Gerd Müller — with 42 international goals under his belt — tried hard to at least equal the 43-goal record of the great local hero Uwe Seeler. But this time Gerd was reduced to a few shots on target, such was the tight marking and deep covering of the Polish rear-guard and particularly their stopper Jerzy Gorgon, a 22-year-old from Górnik playing his sixth international.

It was he who shackled Müller throughout and also saved a certain goal on the line when the 'keeper couldn't hold a fierce drive by Beckenbauer and Müller followed up with another shot.

The unexpectedly confident Poles clearly surprised Sir Alf Ramsey, who was quoted after the match as saying: "The Poles were technically most impressive. The German team was more dynamic but lacked the striking power to break through the Polish defence. Of course Germany were the favourites but it wasn't easy to play under those conditions."

There is little doubt that this Polish team will thoroughly test England and those who talk in terms of how England will fare in Munich in 1974, tend to overlook the fact that the English have to qualify first, to get there at all — not forgetting that Wales, too, are a potential threat in this group—should they be able to field their strongest side.

As for the Germans, well they can play better than this. Perhaps their failure to win emphasises once more the general rise in standards of the so-called "unfancied" nations. Did Switzerland not hold England to a 1-1 at Wembley, and didn't the Austrians leave Rome with a 2-2 against Italy — after leading until 13 minutes from time?

The Germans featured two international "old-timers" in Höttges at full back (for Vogts) and Libuda up front, replacing Heynckes, plus Overath who much as he tried could not succeed Netzer in midfield. But these enforced changes cannot serve as an excuse for this untidy and disappointing performance.

Manager Helmut Schön will have to revise his plans before the next assignment, which will take place on March 29 in Budapest against a revitalised Hungary. Consolation note: The capacity crowd of 62,000 at the Volksparkstadion —which, incidentally, is one of several grounds for the World Cup finals of 1974—brought record receipts for an international in this country of £100,000.

Despite failing to score in this game it should be noted that of the eight European Championship quarter-finalists the Germans boast the best goal record. Over the past three years they averaged 2.4 goals per match — England for example managed only 1.9.

SPRINGER FIRED

SC RAPID, champion of champions in Austria and almost uncrowned kings of Vienna, are the kind of club that makes headlines even when they are having an ordinary season. Year after year they are expected to be the meister and when they are not: trouble. Having failed to score in half their 14 league games, Rapid boss Gerdi Springer was under fire for weeks and matters came to a head when a series of poor attendances culminated with a mere 483 people paying to see the second leg of their UEFA Cup tie at home to Juventus.

Springer was sacked and former international winger Robert Korner recalled for the third time, no doubt as temporary manager while the directors find themselves a new "miracle-worker". Previously there had been considerable speculation that Austrian-born Max Merkel would return from Spain, but his signing for Atletico Madrid scotched that.

Where Rapid will go is anyone's guess after having no fewer than six bosses in little more than a year. Since Rudolf Vytlacil quit the club in 1969, plagued by ill-health Rapid have appointed Robert Korner, Karl Rappan, Karl Decker, Gerdi Springer and Robert Korner in that order, but the Rapid record is a mere six weeks held by Beranek who had the job briefly in 1966.

Before winter closed down the game temporarily, Korner had only one game to demonstrate the new mood he hoped to inspire, but it was a tough fixture away to the team of the season —newly-promoted Alpine Donawitz, who have the most expensive team in Austria. All Rapid could do was draw 0-0 (no goals again).

Meanwhile champions Wacker Innsbruck, continuing after fusion with SK Wattens as Swarowski, are still in top place as football gives way for the moment to ice hockey. With 20 points from 14 games they are pursued by fellow provincials Austria FK Salzbourg and Alpine both only one point away.

CITY'S BE
EVER TEA

by MARTIN ROGERS

TO suggest that success in top class soccer is "all in the mind" is an over simplification . . . but different managers can do a vastly differing job with the same resources at their disposal. Malcolm Allison, recently elevated to the position of Manchester City boss after spending half a dozen years at Joe Mercer's right hand, is the sort of manager who can make players do almost anything. Mind, it helps to have at one's disposal players of such obvious world class as Francis Lee or Colin Bell. But their emergence and still increasing stature certainly owes plenty to the Allison influence. Nor are they the first players to achieve heights of achievement far greater than most football folk believed possible.

In his palmy and lovingly-remembered years at West Ham, he had a considerable influence on many players; John Bond, now the manager of Bournemouth and an unabashed Allison disciple, was one of the most notable examples. Shrewd tactical thinking, plus the massive self-confidence which is a trademark of anybody who believes Allison made Bond, probably an average defender, into an outstanding one.

A confidence trick, maybe, but a legitimate one—that is how Allison sees his ability to extract the best from players. "Some react to one approach, others to an entirely different sort of treatment." That is his disarmingly simple explanation of the knack which all the greatest managers of men possess.

Optimistic

The Manchester City chief, his brushes with officialdom behind him, is diplomatic almost to a fault these days; yet he has not lost his breezy, optimistic, to-hell-with-doubting approach. If anything, City are even more venturesome, more exciting than they were when they won the League Championship in 1967 or the Fairs Cup a year later.

But their adventure and flamboyance has taken on a new appearance. The players are more experienced, so much more mature. Maine Road had a lean League season immediately after that championship campaign; City slid to 13th in the First Division. Even worse, rivals Manchester United staged their most memorable of successes by winning the European Cup.

It was suggested that City — always Mercer's men but even then owing so much to Allison in thought and deed—had made a rod for their own backs by winning the title too early for their own good. Big Malcolm doesn't agree. That was the first stage in convincing the players just how much they had to offer, he recalls.

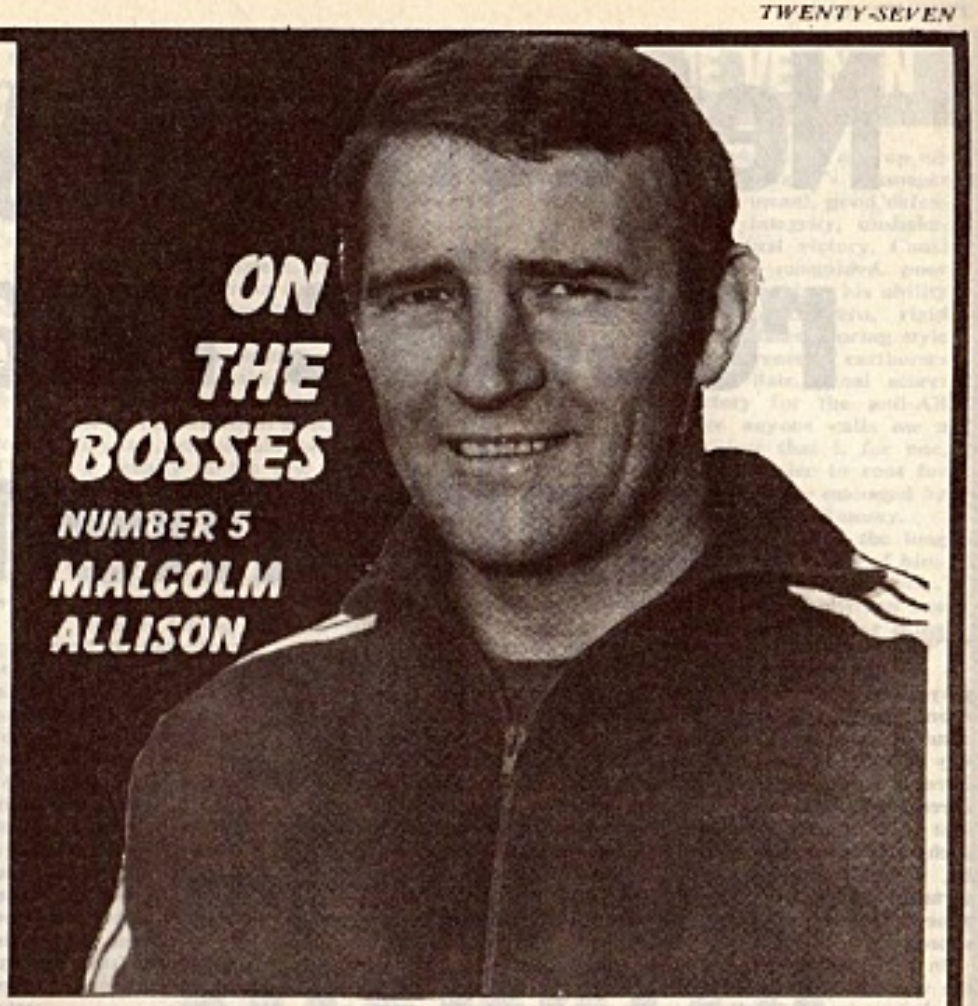
His current publicity for the team is not just sky blue but sky-high. This, he says, will be the finest team Manchester City fans have ever had. "It may take another year or eighteen months," he remarks. "It could have come together this year if I had been able to buy Rodney Marsh from Queen's Park Rangers when I wanted to. It will happen."

United, enjoying their revival of spirit and fortunes following the close season arrival of Frank O'Farrell, can expect to find City at their shoulders from now on. One still tends to think of United as the bigger name, the more imposing set-up — this in spite of City's massive traditions. Allison would be pleased to shift the emphasis.

"The rivalry between the two clubs—at least at supporter level—can be almost frightening. It can be really vicious sometimes. Our fans have had United rammed down their throats for so long. The only reason we are not fully accepted in some quarters, still not spoken of in the same breath as United, is Georgie Best. He is the biggest draw.

Huddersfield Town goalkeeper Terry Poole saves at the feet of Manchester City centre-forward Wyn Davies.

ST AM



card in the game. They get 48,000 at Old Trafford. We get 37,000. It's not bad, but not good. But people will get the message," insists Allison.

The message is getting home to soccer watchers the nation over. "Don't underestimate the intelligence of football fans," grins Allison. That's not bad, coming from the man who has done more than most to elevate English football from the stuttering stereotype stuff of, say, 15 years ago, to the sleek and sophisticated fare of today.

But whether the real flow of the game, its nuances and technical revolutions are grasped by the public, spectators are warming to the obvious flourish and appeal of Malcolm's Manchester City. The side has achieved that rare double acceptance standard. The professionals, the people in the game, extract delight from the manner in which City play. The purists' pleasure doesn't always capture public imagination, though. This side appeals to all.

Achieved

Allison, nevertheless, wants and needs to have his players and his side admired and applauded. No wonder he has crossed swords, via TV or the printed word, with England manager Sir Alf Ramsey, who, says Allison, "hasn't changed his tactics for years. He's a good manager of bad teams." England get results and have achieved them consistently, but they have not been well loved.

How much more desirable, according to the Allison creed, to be both exciting and successful. Other managers believe that entertainment value is no good to them—results are the be-all and end-all. Manchester City are producing both. The side of 1968 vintage or thereabouts were mercurial; the rounded outfit, class of '72, looks better equipped to achieve the necessary and expected consistency.

The man will not admit to being a tough taskmaster, although almost every successful manager at any level has as much steel as sensitivity. "I do work them hard during the week, a couple of really hard days—and everybody has to do that much. Tony Book, 37 or whatever he is, is no exception, and he doesn't ask for or expect any favours. Everyone does it because it's necessary."

Book, sage old head in the side, has been cited as the master stroke to end them all. After the pair first met during Allison's first managerial excursion—at Bath City—their joint success story has owed more to Roy of the Rovers than to reality. If ever there was a case of a manager backing his judgement, and a player responding to the faith placed in him and his ability, this is the one.

At the other end of the supply line, City have some outstanding youngsters coming through. Former Cup Finalist Johnny Hart handles this vital department—"although the kids are aware of my presence," says Allison.

Greyhound

In between the two extremes, Allison is happy to handle some of English football's outstanding performers. Bell, the tireless greyhound who effortlessly patrols between one penalty area and the other is, according to his manager, "the best midfield player in the game." Admiration of the superbly courageous Lee, unassuming loyalist Alan Oakes, or the provocative Mike Summerbee and the rest, also trips easily from the tongue.

Malcolm Allison is, and always has been ,a gambler. He thrives on the challenge—but looking at the players at Maine Road, one wonders whether his approach, his adventure, is so much of a gamble after all. The best gamble, after all, is if you have a fistful of aces.

The well-chronicled frustration which Allison and fellow professionals felt in the mid-'fifties, leading, as it did, to a whole new trend of thinking in the game, is well remembered too. For Malcolm there is always the necessity to push on with new ideas, and his spirit of inventive exploration will be good for more than Manchester City.

He remains a man thrilled by the excitement of a new situation. He was bound to be given the top job, the ultimate responsibility in decision-making, and so far he is making a handsome job of it. What if the glitter tarnishes? "All this business about pressure is over-stated," he declares, defiantly. "I don't propose to let these so-called pressures bother me too much."

Guidance

Allison so clearly enjoys being flamboyant, so obviously relished the past occasions when extrovert behaviour served its own purpose, and equally clearly looks forward to further occasions that under his guidance Manchester City should go on to new heights.

He has magnificent players. Others have developed into superbly successful First Division stars under his influence. No doubt he could make a player of you even if you're fat, fifty and wheezing. Instead, he has top class, talented athletes to carry out his attacking creed—which is near gambling with all the aces as makes no difference.

Neftchi players receive heavy punishments

THERE is something rotten in the State of Russia — to paraphrase a famous literary expression. It appears that players from the Soviet First Division club Neftchi have been found guilty of repeated acts of misconduct which have resulted in severe punishments. Neftchi, who hail from the city of Baku in the centre of the rich oilfields of the Caucasus, have it seems neglected to drill their players in the art of correct behaviour on the soccer pitch. One would have thought that in a strictly organised and allegedly disciplined society such as is advertised from that country, similar excesses would be, if not unheard of, then at least extremely isolated and certainly swiftly eliminated. But—and this is surprising—as a news item of damaging proportions nevertheless it was not supressed!

In fact, the Soviet FA have announced these sentences on the worst culprits from Neftchi, together with an explanation of their crimes: Goalkeeper Kramarenko (25) has been suspended for three years; defender Kulijev (21) is banned till the end of the 1972 season, and the youngest player Mirsojan (20) will not be allowed back until the second half of the 1972 term. In Russia the championship starts in the spring and runs until autumn. In addition, the team's captain and international forward Anatoli Banichevski (25) is to be relieved of his duties.

Learned their lesson

The original verdict which included the expulsion of Neftchi from the championship and the award of their three outstanding games to their opponents on a forfeit, was quashed by the court of appeal of the Soviet FA. This followed assurances given by the local Football Federation of Asserbeidjan, that the club from Baku had learned their lesson and will stamp out bad behaviour.

Thus Neftchi had been permitted to complete their current fixtures, but the club will start the next campaign without five players, as in addition to the three named, Semiglasov and Gadshijev received lesser suspensions which will be enforced next spring.

Uniformed member

I can reveal that the scandals surrounding Neftchi Baku began roughly three years ago when a uniformed member of the militia arrested centre-forward Banischevski for being drunk and disorderly at an Underground station. This "catch" has had far-reaching consequences—but not for Banischevski, who got off scot free—but for the duty-conscious security guard! Almost every night Banischevski would return in a drunken state to that same station to jeer and bait that very official who dared to arrest him, the "soccer king" of Baku!

So much for those horror tales of Russia being a police state! Shortly afterwards, however, the player—again intoxicated—caused, together with his team-mate Semiglasov, a fight at the airport. Both had been suspended for life and Banischevski was also expelled from the national side. But thanks to some behind-the-scenes manipulations by obviously influential personalities (they have those in Russia, too!), both players were reprieved a year later and welcomed back into the Neftchi team! Banischevski even took over the captaincy from Bruchtij—who was denounced as a hooligan—and returned also to the national squad!

But the club already had a bad name and now the worst elements within the team, enjoying the support of their benefactors, gained the upper hand. Cautions and suspensions had no more effect than the constant demands by the Soviet FA "to strengthen the political education and to exclude the unruly individuals from the club." The directors treated the troublemakers with velvet gloves and took little or no action.

Mild punishments

This season, however, the Neftchi players really surpassed themselves. It rained sendings-off, bookings and suspensions, but these were followed by mild punishments. Even for a man like Gadshijev, who hit a referee in front of the whole team in his dressing-room. Or for his team-mate Kulijev who between April 19 and August 3 was twice severely censured and twice banned for six matches. Other players like Bruchtij, Kramarenko, Semiglasov, Semin, Putchkov, Mirsojan plus the two internationals Banischevski and Shevtchenko had also committed various acts of misconduct. During the game v. Pachtakor Tashkent on September 14, the entire eleven had left the field because they disagreed with the referee's decision! Thirty-six thousand fans witnessed this disgraceful, unsportsmanlike scene.

Punched referee

Even worse was to follow in another away game at Rostov on October 8. Some of them went berserk like goalkeeper Kramarenko, who punched the referee to the ground after he had awarded a second goal to SKA Rostov. Defender Mirsojan, "supported" by team-mates, spat at the linesman when he tried to aid his colleague. And when these two rowdies had been sent off, it was Banischevski who attempted to talk his comrades into leaving the pitch.

The players have now received their quota of punishments but have the really guilty and responsible men been disciplined? Sadly they have not, for as a member of the Commission dealing with these excesses stated at the FA's hearing: "It was the club's benevolent board who poisoned the atmosphere and spoiled the players completely." The Russians are to be congratulated for bringing such smear on their football into the open. Even more for not shirking the responsibility in trying to eradicate it—and to serve as an example to others.

Personal Opinion by LESLIE VERNON

SIR ALF —FOR OR AGAINST?

THE Great Debate concerning the Common Market is but a mere whisper compared with the fierce arguments raging around Sir Alf Ramsey. The tight-lipped supremo's selection, playing philosophy and after-match utterances following the Switzerland game at Wembley created a furore, unparalleled in England. On the Continent it is a favourite pastime to slander the national team manager, but in this country, the comments stay traditionally within the boundaries of good taste.

In this instance, however, hysteria has been the keynote of the discussion, opinions have polarised rigidly, and the "pro" and "anti" brigades have outdone each other in unreasonableness. This strange duplicity of views was amusingly demonstrated by the "Daily Mail". While the paper's London editions churned out adoring copy concerning Sir Alf, the Manchester editions carried diametrically opposing sentiments with equal vehemence.

I don't intend to miss the bandwagon, and am taking this opportunity to assess the current situation with my customary unbiased impartiality. The argument between Messrs. Allison and Stock can be safely dismissed as a profitable gimmick, artfully devised to catch the headlines.

The motivation behind Press opinions is much more genuine, and I'd like to focus attention on two people, whose work I usually admire. Bernard Joy, a pro-Ramsey zealot, who would never criticise anyone, wrote in the "Evening Standard" that England are the "League Champions of the World" (a hitherto unknown competition) because under Ramsey, the team averaged 63 points per 42 matches—"good enough to win the First Division".

Scrutinise

Joy omits to mention that in our Premier League, there are no such weaklings as Malta, Greece, Switzerland or Wales Reserves. It would be more realistic to scrutinise England's record against top-class opposition. Versus Brazil—played 4, won 0, drew 1, lost 3. Versus West Germany—played 4, won 2, lost 2 (the last two!). World Cup '70—played 4, won 2, lost 2! Not quite World League Championship form, is it, Mr. Joy?

Brian Glanville, chief flag-bearer of the anti-Alf campaigners, also went too far in his "Sunday Times" column. He launched a devastating attack on the Ramsey anti-football, then, in my view, weakened his case by saying that England will probably win the European Championship—but this shouldn't influence the purists.

I disagree. Whether we like it or not, results are of paramount importance in professional football, and in denigrating success in advance, Glanville has prejudged the issue. Unfortunately, Ramsey is his own worst enemy, and his performance outside the Wembley dressing-room was just as bad as that of his team on the pitch earlier.

In fact, England were so severely handicapped by club calls, that one had a great deal of sympathy for him. No other national team would dream of going into an important European tie without at least one week's rest and preparation. If Ramsey would have used this argument, the Press would have given him an easy ride.

But this "identikit manager" trotted out the same feeble excuses. "The Swiss came here to defend and wouldn't let us play," he said. This was a strange statement, because Switzerland not only scored an excellent goal, but also missed a sitter, and should have been awarded a penalty in the first half. Of course, these part-timers played at their own pace, and let the England players run themselves to a standstill on the spongy Wembley turf. What did Ramsey expect? That the Swiss defence would doff their hats to Hurst and Lee, politely letting them score?

Irrespective of the circumstances, the team selection was justly criticised. To say that Storey is the natural successor to Stiles is the acceptance of the necessity to perpetuate villainy. Hughes is not a midfield player. He is keen and hard working, but hasn't got a clue what to do with the ball once he has "won" it. To play Marsh for eight minutes was an exercise in futility and an insult to the player.

It is time to revert to a 4-2-4 formation. Any two of Armstrong, Woodward, Ian Moore and Lee on the wings would give adequate support to Chivers and Osgood (my choice) in the middle, and would stretch the opposing defence across the field instead of deliberately bunching them in front of their overcrowded goalmouth.

Brilliant

Ramsey is very good at motivating players, and they always speak highly of him—the ones, that is, he habitually picks. As an ex-defender himself, he is brilliant in organising the defence—England's record there is astonishingly good. Finally, Ramsey has integrity, and has never been influenced by Press, public or F.A. hierarchy pressure.

Disaster or saviour? Let's add up my scoring. Pros: A player's manager (whatever that may mean), good defensive tactician, has integrity, unshakeable belief in eventual victory. Cons: Team selection often misguided, poor tactician for attacking play, his ability to communicate equals zero, rigid insistence on an outdated, boring style of football, the preference of carthorses over players with flair. Final score: Narrow 5-4 victory for the anti-Alf camp, but before anyone calls me a fence-sitter, I confess that I, for one, would find it much easier to root for the England team if it was managed by a warmer personality than Ramsey.

John Bond is the latest in the long line of manager to make an ass of himself in connection with the "refs.' revolution". He lost his cool when one of his players was cautioned for using foul language. "Swearing is an excellent way of releasing tension," said this latter-day Freud of Bournemouth. "The referees shouldn't curb it."

What a marvellous conception! If any one of us feels tensed up after a tiresome journey on a rush-hour tube, all we have to do is to walk into the boss's office and tell him to get. . . . As referees are also under tension, they should swear back at the players, and if there are any ladies or children within earshot, they must also appreciate that the main concern must be the mental welfare of the players.

Naturally, the FIFA regulations ought to be changed, and that shouldn't take longer than about 20 years. Brian Clough has also brought tears to my eyes with the heart-rending statement that he is proud when the England manager asks for his players. "I pray for the day when Ramsey phones me and asks for nine of the Derby team." ("Daily Express", Dec. 1.)

Clough forgot to mention that a week earlier Ramsey did phone, and asked for two of his players—Robson and Todd. Unfortunately, he had to be turned down because Derby was engaged in a competition sponsored by a petrol company.

NAMES make NEWS

Nikolaiev prevents relegation

CSKA MOSCOW luckily escaped relegation to the USSR Second Division by one point . . . and manager Valentin Nikolaiev kept intact his reputation as Russia's "football doctor".

The Russian supremo's European Championship adventures with the international side have been comparatively easy compared with his club's lack of success. CSKA's nerve-racking final match in Lovov against Karpati shook the nerves of the strongest. Only a last-minute goal, after being 0-2 down at half-time, gave them the point they needed to escape relegation.

Nikolaiev became the Bob Shankly-Sabino Barinaga type of mobile doctor of ailing clubs—through reviving both the international side and CSKA. He originally played for Lokomotov, joined CSKA Moscow when 19 in 1940, won four Soviet Gold Medal Honours, formed part of the legendary Russian forward line—Grinyin, Nikolaiev, Fedotov, Bobrov, Gyemin—and in 1952 retired to take coaching and physical training courses at the Superior School of Sport.

In 1963, the once famous CSKA were badly in the doldrums. They had slipped into the Third Division . . . and Nikolaiev was specially released from his Army duties to try and stop the rapid decay. He guided them back into the Second Division . . . and a few months later, as an Engineer Colonel, was appointed chief coach of the Russian Armed Forces in Habarousk, where he enjoyed considerable success and popularity.

When Gavril Katchalin "resigned" after Russia's Mexico 70 debacle, Nikolaiev became Supremo of the National XI. The roly-poly maestro has since quietly revitalised the side and built them into one of Europe's top five. (Russia haven't lost an international game since "Niko" took over).

But in 1970 CSKA again faced disaster . . . and once again "Dr." Nikolaiev was called in to attend the patient. In weeks he pulled the side together, and on December 6, 1970, they were proclaimed Second Division Champions and back in top-class football after a long absence. Last season they became First Division Champions and for the first time in their history represented Russia in the European Cup.

Nikolaiev told me of his "secret" in Madrid when en route to South America with a Russian international side of completely unknown players. "CSKA were suffering from the same weakness as the National side. They had the best defence in the country—Shesternev, Istomin and Kaplichny—and the finest mid-field player, Fedotov. But they had no determined spearhead forward. We signed Dolgov from Arjol and coasted to the championship."

But surely the National side suffers from lack of forwards?

"No," said Nikolaiev, "we have what forwards we need, in reserve. When attacking football becomes necessary, as it will be in the next round of the European Championship, the world will be surprised."

(I wonder?)

CAREER RECORD

NEW career records of the popular Inter-Milan-Italian captain, Giacinto Facchetti, were obscured by the hullaballoo over the "Borussia Affaire".

In Italy's European Championship match with Sweden, full-back Facchetti made his sixtieth international appearance, to become his country's most capped player. He broke the record of the legendary hero of the 'thirties, Umberto Caligaris, who made 59 appearances in 12 years. Facchetti took only nine years and is still not yet 30. Since first being selected in 1962 he has missed only two international games.

Against Torino in November he played his three-hundredth league game for Inter-Milan . . . his 50 goals making him one of Europe's most successful goal-scoring defenders.

"I consider Facchetti one of the finest captains in the world — Bobby Moore of England is the other," Feruccio Valcariggi, Italy's supremo, told me in Seville. "He's tremendously popular everywhere, and his calmness, diplomacy and understanding both on and off the field creates wonderful harmony and unbounded confidence. Like England's captain, Facchetti inspires by example rather than exhortation.

"As to his playing ability . . . I know of no finer left-back. Watch when the defence is under pressure. It is then when he is at his best. He becomes a puppeteer, silently pulling the strings, inspiring and willing his colleagues into the right positions and intelligently directing the whole defensive scene. And . . . his tremendous speed enables him to become an extra forward while keeping his zone impregnable. Giacinto is my conception of an ideal player."

Born in Lombarda de Treviglio, the six foot one inch Facchetti has appeared in two World Cup final stages . . . three European Cup finals (winning two) and one victorious Inter-Continental Cup final.

Italy captain Giacinto Facchetti.

Felix Oraa, President of Atletico Bilbao.

BILBAO PLAYERS SUPPORT ALLEN

WHEN Atletico Bilbao rescinded Ronnie Allen's contract a players' deputation pleaded with the Board to change their decision. The answer was "No". They could hardly have said otherwise.

Among the "Friends of Allen" players' group — some who uselessly asked for transfers — was José Iribar, Spain's international goalkeeper, fervently believed by patriotic Spaniards to be the best in Europe (I put him *second*, to Gordon Banks).

When confirming this protest President Felix Oraa said: "Iribar did *not* ask for a move . . . it would have been futile. We wouldn't transfer José for all the goldmines in the Transvaal nor for all the oil wells in Kuwait." That just about describes the value Atletico Bilbao . . . and Supremo Kubala . . . places on the 28-year-old Zaraug-born 'keeper.

Three-star

Anyway the Bilbao board is not crazy for nowadays Iribar *is* Atletico Bilbao. Without him, even with ten internationals in the side, they would certainly be in the Second Division. In the last 40 league matches Iribar has received the official three-star classification (the highest) on 28 occasions . . . and seen "Only Iribar Saves Bilbao" splashed across the headlines almost weekly.

No club sells its star player except when in dire financial straights. Atletico Bilbao are one of the four clubs in Spain who have all the money they need . . . but, unlike Barcelona, are modest about it.

They draw 30,000 crowds to each home game . . . haven't spent a penny on transfer fees for 25 years . . . pay their manager and players the highest salaries (Ronnie Allen got £16,000-plus) . . . and offer top level bonuses.

Three-year

Iribar's transfer from Basconia to Atletico Bilbao was curious to say the least. In 1962 Second Division Basconia sensationally knocked Atletica Madrid out of the Spanish Cup. The then 19-year-old Iribar gave a wonder display, kept his goal intact throughout the three matches and became the talk of Spain. But in the next round Barcelona banged ten goals passed him. Next day Atletico Bilbao signed Josée Iribar on a three-year contract.

He made his First Division debut the following season . . . against Cyprus last month he gained his thirty-third international cap . . . and is now definitely a goalkeeper no money can buy.

Where are they now?

WHERE are they now? Antal Nagy, famous Honvad and Hungarian international forward, is out of football at the moment. Yet there are half-a-dozen Spanish clubs, among them Barcelona, Atletico Madrid, Seville and Sabadell, who, if regulations permitted the acquisition of foreign players, would rush to sign him.

We met in Barcelona where he is temporarily living while considering several offers from French clubs. His friend Zolton Czibor, who Nagy says taught him all he knows about football, is helping him to get back into the game.

Nagy's career, studded with good and bad luck, follows the pattern of so many exile Hungarians. During his many journeys with the Hungarian international side — Tokio Olympics 1963, the World Cup, England, 1966— Antal saw much of the world outside Hungary and, not surprisingly, liked it. He became restless and dissatisfied . . . and planned to leave his turbulent homeland.

"The opportunity came in 1967 when I was in Brussels for the Hungary-Belgium game," Antal told me. "I escaped from the team's hotel and sought political asylum . . . knowing beforehand that Standard Liege would sign me once matters were regularised.

Goalscorer

"As is normal under these circumstances FIFA suspended me for twelve months. But in 1968 I was able to play for Standard, and in that first season became leading goalscorer of the Belgium League."

When he completed his contract with Standard, the restless young Hungarian—he was born in Budapest in 1944 — joined Twente Enschede, the Dutch First Division club.

During his two years in Liege he met a Spanish girl, Maria Diez Alvarez, whom he married in Enschede soon after joining Twente. But alas the happy marriage created a crisis in his football career. The climate of Holland began to seriously affect the health of his wife. Doctors eventually advised him to take her back to warmer Spain. Twente agreed to rescind his contract, and a few weeks ago Nagy and his wife returned to Barcelona where he has an apartment. (He also has a chalet at Sitges.)

He has been training daily with Barcelona . . . desperately in need of a goalscoring forward of Nagy's type. But although all kinds of efforts have been made, including Spanish nationalisation formalities, it is doubtful whether he will be eligible to play in Spain at least for two years.

(By the time World Soccer reaches the news-stands Antal Nagy may well have signed for Olympique de Marseilles, who have been seeking a cover for their popular star Magnusson.)

Swiss should have beaten England

Odermatt

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

"IN THE RECORD BOOKS it will go down as a 1-1 draw, but in MY book it ranks as a victory for the Swiss part-timers. Indeed, if things other than goals decided results, the Swiss would have been the winners." This was how Peter Wilson — whom Britain's best-selling newspaper, the *Daily Mirror*, modestly describes as "The world's No. 1 sportswriter" — summed up Switzerland's performance in holding the might of England to a well-deserved draw on Wembley's hallowed turf. This outcome must have surprised mostly those, whose belief in the superiority of English football in general and the invincibility of their national team in particular, badly needed this jolt to bring them back to the cooling level of reality.

Visiting forward

Whenever in the past, a foreign side managed to rise above itself and catch England on a bad day then such an event was at first debated but later dismissed as a minor mishap and eventually swept under the carpet. Now the Swiss have twice faced the élite of English soccer and each time so very nearly succeeded in defeating the erstwhile "professors" of the game. Most experts agreed that England were lucky to win in Basle, whilst at Wembley the best chance of the match fell to the visiting forward Peter Meier, who missed an open goal with the score at 1-1 and 20 minutes from the end!

'Scampering back'

Poor Meier told me in the Wembley dressing-room afterwards that he was still nearly frozen, having sat on the substitute bench for an hour before being called upon to relieve Jeandupeux. "I wasn't properly warmed up and didn't even see Madeley scampering back to clear off the line," he added. Meier also missed becoming the "freeman" of his native village of Niederhasli—if only he had scored that historic winner against England!

A fair comment came from Karl Odermatt who equalised Summerbee's goal: "England had perhaps more opportunities here, but remembering what happened to us in Basle, a 1-1 draw was the least we deserved."

The Swiss successes were undoubtedly the midfield pair of Kuhn—the best player afield—and Odermatt, who for this match handed over the captaincy to his great partner in a most generous gesture. Both these players received rave notices in the press, including some highly flattering praise from English journalists who poured most of their readily accumulated superlatives on the Swiss, since there was little to shout about England's performance.

Full professionals

There were several factors which influenced the flow of this match: (a) The superior ball technique of the Swiss; (b) accurate and precise passing allied to better organised teamwork of the visitors; and (c) the Swiss control of the midfield. As for stamina, well, the Swiss deliberately tried to slow the game to their own pace—in contrast to the often frantic football by England—knowing that their strength cannot match that of the full professionals. Once again, a bunch of semi-amateurs, most of whom work eight hours a day and train eight hours a week, gave a lesson in some basic aspects of the game to eleven highly and expensively trained, as well as lavishly paid footballers.

Final encounter

Just to confirm that the Wembley performance was no fluke, the Swiss B-team—which included by arrangement with the English FA four men over the age of 23—held England's Under-23 side to a 1-1 at Ipswich, a fortnight later. This was the seventh and final encounter between Swiss and English sides at different levels alone this season. Except for Grasshoppers, who lost to Arsenal 0-2 and 0-3, (EC), the other meetings were very close: Servette bowed out to Liverpool (CWC) 2-1 and 0-2; national team 2-3 and 1-1, and the B-team 1-1. And remember that Switzerland has a total population roughly half of London and accordingly with smaller resources at all levels than the Motherland of football!

Focus on Moscow Dynamo...Part two

BESKOV SHOWS FLAIR

IF you can imagine a manager who is a cross between Bill Shankly and Frank O'Farrell, but speaks Russian, then you have a brief picture of Konstantin Beskov, the team manager of Moscow Dynamo.

Beskov, of course, was the man who played for the club during their memorable visit to these shores over a quarter of a century ago. Now 51, he has injected a different slant on football from the managerial seat.

He has tried to marry the theatre with the game; probably because his wife is a famous Russian actress. He encourages the players to move in theatrical circles to cultivate their friends among these and literary people rather than spend their time at the cinema.

One side of Beskov's nature reveals that he is a well-read, polite and charming man; the other that he can be tough with his men to the point of rudeness if he desires.

Elusive

But at least he has succeeded in one aspect, as the Dynamo players certainly not only talk about different subjects outside the game but on the field come closer to that elusive quality which has so much mystic about it these days called flair, a rare Russian accomplishment.

Back in 1963 Beskov had a brief flirtation with international football when he accepted the Soviet team manager's post. But he divorced himself in the autumn of that year after defeat by Spain. After that he was lost to the game for some time and never really emerged with any distinction again until he took over Moscow Dynamo in 1967.

Yet for all his excellent influences it has not prevented two of his players going the way of many another Russian player before him along the slippery road to public disgrace. Both experienced World Cup star Gennadi Evryuzhikhin and 18-year-old Anatoli Kozemiakin have been suspended recently because of their over-excessive drinking habits.

Meteoric

In the case of Kozemiakin it has certainly been a meteoric rise and even quicker descent; a career which will probably get him nicknamed "Rocket" when he is eventually forgiven in the fullness of time. Kozemiakin "arrived" in one year from being a youth international to appearing in the full national side, and he was undoubtedly a forward of more than average promise.

Beskov's chances of pulling off anything in Europe must be a ...mer for this setback, of course.

Yet he has a youngish squad at his disposal with only Sabo, Anitchkin and Maslov over the 30 mark. His three goalkeepers are all useful. Pilgvi undisputed No. 1, and though Valeri Balyasnikov is 28 he is still awaiting his first real extended spell, while third string Alexander Mosin is only 19.

In the back division apart from Anitchkin the second oldest are 27-year-olds Valeri Zykov and Nikolai Antonievic. Vladimir Basalaev is 26, Alexander Grebnev 24, Vladimir Golbonosov 22 and Vladimir Shtapov the regular right-back 25. They are all Masters of Sport—naturally — a distinction incidentally which applies to those players who have figured in championship-winning teams or those successful in the Cup.

Three youngsters who have not qualified for this honour yet are young defenders Sergei Chernov (18), Vladimir Komarov (19) and Sergei Mikulin (20).

Another youthful member who has made a big hit this season is Alexander Machovikov, just 20, who was picked up from a Second Division club, and he, too, has yet to win his Master of Sport title. Yet he has done well in a midfield combination with the experienced Sabo. Two other young schemers are Evgeni Zhukov (21) and Vladimir Larin (23), who was in the World Cup 40 for Mexico in 1970. Yuri Semin (24) and Vladimir Utkin (22) make up the contingent in midfield.

Unfortunately the loss of Evryuzhikhin will probably mean that midfield ace Vladimir Estrekov (24) will have to be pushed up into attack and Vladimir Koslov, who has been strategically used as a substitute, coming on to score vital goals, will have to do a full shift in the attack.

This will also mean further opportunities for Anatoli Eaegachne (19), Anatoli Piskunov (22) and Andrei Gkubik (21) to establish a senior place because of this same situation.

Whether they can sustain themselves enough to meet not only the domestic problems which will occur next season but the European scene if it still interests the club for the present term, is a question which does not readily prime an answer.

Poland and their miners

● *Continued from page 20*

good enough to go through.

But such heavy defeats are the exception rather than the rule for the Polish miners' team. In fact, they have yet to lose at home to a British club in Europe.

This might also prove a sobering thought for England with the World Cup qualifying competition in view. The hard ground surface has its problems and the winter months are cold.

This probably more than anything else upset Gornik in the Cup Winners Cup Final against Manchester City because rain had made the ground conditions difficult and clearly not as much to Gornik's liking as the Englishmen.

Manchester City completed a double over Gornik when they knocked them out of the same competition last season, but only after a play-off.

In the current Polish season the club is well in line for another domestic title and naturally with a player of the calibre of Lubanski in the attack they are a great threat to the rest of the teams in the League.

Lubanski is also very much a marked man in Poland and his scoring achievements are all the more creditable for this reason. But significantly perhaps he often finds more freedom when playing in the lesser internationals. For instance he picked up a hat-trick against Turkey last September.

This does not reflect badly on him as a player who scores only against weak opposition but credits him with being able to get goals whenever he finds the room in the modern game.

Clearly the success of Gornik is very much tied up with him, although they are by far from being a one-man team.

Millwall and Benny Fenton

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

THERE are many more ways to success than those which pass through Lilleshall. By the time you read this it may well be—though I hope not—that Millwall's bubble will have burst. At this moment, however, the South-east London club are nicely placed to enter that First Divison which they, surprisingly, alone of the 11 London League teams, have never achieved.

At the centre of it all is the engaging, bewildering and controversial figure of Mr. Benny Fenton, the Millwall manager. It is all very well for Mr. Fenton's detractors to write him off as an old school manager, who has been left high and dry by the coaching revolution, whose tactics are deeply and desperately negative, and who pays exaggerated attention to the minutiae of dress: socks straight, shirts tucked inside the shorts.

The fact is that his players pay him generous tribute, that he has, as they insist, done everything himself, and that if Millwall do go up, he must—as again, his men insist—take most of the credit.

Fenton is a quintessential Londoner who began his career, like his brother Ted, as a West Ham player. He was then transferred to Millwall, from Millwall went to Charlton Athletic in 1947, and ultimately managed Colchester United. I remember him well as a footballer, both as an inside-left, his original position, and as a right-half, where he captained Charlton. He was a very good player, skilful and tough, a bit of an old sweat when it came to stealing a few yards at a throw-in ("Who, *me*, ref?"), but an excellent cool old head to foster younger players.

Sprinting

It is intriguing to compare Fenton's regime at Millwall, where even players who admire him allege they haven't learned anything new for five years, with the previous regime of Billy Gray and Bill Dodgin, which got Millwall out of the Third Division. These two were coaches *par excellence*, their training was tough but original, Fenton's, which features sprinting races and weight training, hard but less original. The fact remains that it is clearly harder to get out of the Second Division than the Third, and if Fenton brings it off, as I hope he does, his achievement will thus be the greater.

It is perhaps characteristic of Fenton that the merest mention of promotion makes him blurt out disclaimers much as a cuttlefish squirts out a cloud of ink. "We want to play it down," he said to me, "because it happened two or three years ago when we were top of the League at Christmas. One or two players were saying what we were going to do against Tottenham next year. We're trying to play it match by match, knowing full well we have a useful side, but I don't want to start saying we're going to do this, we're going to do that."

Terminology

What Millwall have done, they have done cautiously. Though Fenton insists that they are "an all-out attacking team" (yes; he actually does!) which changes its tactics according to the opposition, though he talks in his own, strange terminology about "midfield strikers" (what?) the fact is that Millwall play with only two men up front, Barry Bridges and Derek Possee.

Bridges, an England centre-forward in his Chelsea days, is one of the happiest men at Millwall. "Barry Bridges seems to have found new life," said Dennis Burnett, the thoughtful full-back who, like Harry Cripps, learned his football and his interest in coaching at West Ham. "I've never seen him play so well. He's the sort of character who at 1-0 down runs twice as much."

Flattened

Bridges was hurt when Queens Park Rangers agreed to sell him: "They'd rather have the forty grand than me." In his first months at Millwall the customers at his Eastbourne hotel, he says, were wont to talk about that notorious afternoon when a couple of thugs ran on to the field at the end of a match and flattened the referee, Norman Burtenshaw, with a punch in the stomach ("What punch?" asked Benny Fenton, at the time.)

It is Fenton, he says, who has given him his new appetite and confidence, Fenton whose attention to detail has borne fruit in the team's belief in itself.

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Brian Brown of Millwall (left) in action against Watford.

> They think they are playing catenaccio, but if they are, then it is in a highly original form

A few seasons ago, at Queens Park Rangers, I remember Bridges insisting to me at some length on the advantages of having only two strikers upfield, in terms of the extra room they get. Now he admits he wishes there was a third man, but points out that there are moments when defenders who think they are marking you are not, in fact, marking you, lulled into inattention by their superiority of numbers, so that you will get the extra yard, the split second, that is all you need.

Spearhead

Millwall's tactics can look pretty strange again. They think they are playing *catenaccio*, but if they are then it is in a highly original form. When they drew 2-2, rather fortunately but quite spiritedly, at Orient in October—the only occasion I have seen them this season—they mysteriously arrived expecting to find the Os employing a four-man spearhead. When they found there were instead only three, it threw them into an awful tizzy, and they spent most of the first half getting it sorted out. Only when they brought on the excellent 19-year-old Doug Allder on in midfield after half-time — how they could ever have left him out was a puzzle — did they begin to look capable of redeeming a 2-0 deficit.

Harry Cripps, as quiet and self-effacing off the field as he is full-blooded on it, is another who pays Fenton tribute. Fenton, he says, in his quiet, ultra-modest way, didn't like him as a player when he first became manager, and he had to prove himself again, just as he did for that unique Millwall crowd. Now he and the big centre-half, Barry Kitchener, roar upfield at dead ball situations to score goals, while Bryan King, one of Fenton's many shrewd signings, is a coveted goalkeeper. "He's a fantastic physique," says Fenton. "Oh, a terrific body he's got."

And so Benny Fenton goes on; doing all of it, or nearly all, himself.

PSV TRIUMPH

WHILE Ajax and Feyenoord strolled to the quarter-finals of the European Cup, it was PSV — in trouble in the league — who supplied the Dutch story of the European meetings.

Away to Real Madrid in the UEFA Cup PSV had gone down 3-1. And at home they had just reached the depths of despair, it seemed, losing 1-2 at home to the insignificant Excelsior. Yet in the Real return PSV were unrecognisable, and goals from Hoekema and Mulders put them through to meet the Belgians, Lierse SK.

Prior to the Real game, *De Telegraaf* hinted that PSV trainer, Kurt Linder, was to get his marching orders. The names of Rinus Michels (Barcelona), Barry Hughes (Go Ahead Eagles) and Evert Theunissen (Fortuna SC) were being tossed around, it said. Linder kept quiet until after Real, then said: "My position was never at stake. I never lost faith and was never in a panic. If the boys keep this up we are on the right road."

Heartily disgruntled

The next three games produced a poor three points, however, and it was not until the first leg against Lierse SK (1-0) that the bite returned.

Sparta departed from the European scene heartily disgruntled with their 2-1 Cup Winners Cup defeat in Belgrade against Red Star. So disgruntled they appealed to UEFA through the KNVB for the game to be replayed. Reason: poor refereeing from the Spaniard, Ortiz de Mendibil.

But the Sparta report was not sent for over a week and the UEFA rules state any such complaint must be lodged within 48 hours. The KNVB were not expecting a reply from UEFA.

From a TV film, say Sparta, it is clear that at least one Red Star player should have been sent off. Just before half-time Novkovic booted Heijerman between the legs. And in the second half Karasi jumped on van Eijkenbroek's back and punched van der Veen in the face when he tried to intervene. The two teams then took part in a general brawl. Mendibil is also accused of ignoring a number of atrocious tackles which Red Star dished out.

Martin Chivers of England in action against Greece in Athens.

GOALS GALORE!

AS I write, the two Manchester clubs sit proudly on top of the First Division; United three points clear of City. It is a welcome sight. Both teams thrive on attacking football, illustrating that there is still a place for the individual.

United's defence is certainly much better than it was last season, but the basis of their success since Frank O'Farrell arrived has been their ability to score goals; 43 in their first 19 matches. One is reminded of the old adage that attack is the best form of defence.

Pipeline

It is interesting to note that Manchester United didn't spend a penny in the transfer market during 1971. There was a time when they were considered the big-spenders of England, but not any more. Alex Stepney, Tony Dunne (for a minute fee), Willie Morgan (how well he is playing these days), and Denis Law were bought from other clubs, but the likes of Bobby Charlton, George Best, Brian Kidd, David Sadler, Steve James, Alan Gowling and Tommy O'Neill are all Old Trafford products.

And the recent introduction of Sammy McIlroy goes to prove that the pipeline is still functioning properly.

City's only notable plunge into the market during 1971 was to secure Wyn Davies from Newcastle for £50,000. They would have spent a good deal more, of course, had Queens Park Rangers been prepared to release Rodney Marsh.

The cost of watching league football in Italy continues to soar. Gate receipts for the recent clash of AC Milan and Inter at the San Siro stadium were more than 200 million lire (£133,000). The attendance: 75,000. This beat the previous record by over seven million lire (5,000).

The huge revenue from this encounter was welcomed with open arms by the treasury departments of both clubs. Both have the sort of overdrafts that not even a friendly bank manager in the cupboard could ignore.

Inter, for example, despite winning the league title last season, lost 200 million lire (£133,000). The management reportedly promised players a bonus of £800 for victory against AC Milan. Normal pay for Inter stars is reported at about £666 per week during the football season.

THE quarter-final draws for five European competitions will be made in Zürich on January 12. The competitions are the European Championship and the European Under-23 tournament and the three major club competitions—the European Cup, Cup Winners' Cup and UEFA Cup.

Manchester United are to play one game in New Zealand next year—probably against a local side in Auckland on June 14. New Zealand FA chairman Jack Cowie said that an undisclosed five-figure fee is involved.

Mr. Cowie, who has just returned from an overseas trip during which he negotiated the visit, said the figure had been reduced from the 13,000 dollars (£6,000) United were seeking.

Proceeding

United would field its current side, including George Best, Bobby Charlton and Denis Law. He also said negotiations were proceeding for a visit by Wolverhampton Wanderers in June, while a West German team might visit New Zealand in January.

Billy Bremner, skipper of Leeds United.

Seen and heard ---------- by PHILIP RISING

GEOFF HURST of West Ham and Chelsea's Ron Harris staged their respective testimonial matches in London in November. Harris chose to lead Chelsea against a club side—Rangers came down from Scotland—while Hurst pitted West Ham against an all-star select.

Both announced before the games—strangely held on the same night—that these were to be fiercely competitive matches and not meaningless exhibitions. That is what the fans want, they said.

But do they? Personally I would rather watch a selection of outstanding individual players combining to provide an evening's entertainment of football artistry. I would rather see some spectacular goals, splendid ball skill and a friendly approach than a vigorous encounter with few thrills.

West Ham drew 4-4 against a team that included Seeler, Eusebio, Spiegler, Marsh and MacDougall. Chelsea, meanwhile, were beaten 1-0 by Rangers.

While on the subject of Geoff Hurst, it would appear that he is still the target of a good deal of unjustified criticism with regard to his performances for England. A number of southern-based newspaper reporters have been leading a campaign to have Hurst replaced in the England team by Rodney Marsh.

I wrote last month that I wish people would get off Geoff's back. I repeat that plea. Would Marsh do the running that Hurst does to create space for other players? Would Marsh blend with Martin Chivers and Francis Lee, or would they find themselves going for the same balls?

England's performance against Switzerland was depressing, and it was good to see Colin Bell fit for duty against Greece in Athens. But more encouraging was the fact that Sir Alf Ramsey put his faith in creative players rather than pure "ball-winners".

Geoff Hurst cuts the cake at his "testimonial" party at the Sportsman's Club in London after West Ham had drawn with an all-star select team 4-4.

Still more annuals on the market

I WAS walking through a London departmental store recently, when I stopped to have a look at some of the football annuals available this Christmas. A large number of annuals are stacked on my desk (gratis copies from the publishers), but I have seen only a small percentage of those available.

The number of annuals on the market each year still seems to be increasing, although I would have thought that only a minority would sell enough to make money.

When I was an annual-buying youngster the choice was simple. There were, perhaps, five or six to choose from. I used to look through each, adding up the number of pictures of my favourite team. Then I would purchase (or put on my Christmas list) the name of the annual with the most pictures of that team . . . Blackpool, for those of you who are interested.

If I were a kid today, I honestly don't think I would know where to start. Those annuals which deal with one team specifically will obviously appeal to supporters of that team, and names like Bobby Charlton, George Best, Bobby Moore and Denis Law are universally known. Others much less so, and one publisher told me that there are often problems trying to determine in which areas to sell a particular book.

The Billy Bremner annual, for example, will be a prime target for Leeds supporters. Consequently, the basic area in which to sell the book will be Leeds itself and the surrounding areas where the mass bulk of the club's followers come from.

With someone like Alan Hudson the problem is much greater. Endeavouring to pinpoint where the Chelsea supporters live and shop is not any easy task. They travel from all over London and a vast area south of the Thames.

BRITTON SLIPS OUT OF THE HULL SCENE

ONE BY ONE, the stars of other days are gradually stepping out of the big scene, and into the lengthening shadows from which so few return.

They have been doing exactly that for years, of course, yet it's still sad to note the departure of accomplished artists, and the old touch of nostalgia almost overwhelms with the mention of another.

The name this time is that of my old friend Cliff Britton, and none of those who are slightly longer in the tooth will need reminding that he was one of the greatest wing-halves ever to wear the white shirt of England.

A fine specimen of an athlete when we first met between the wars, this non-smoking, non-drinking tribute to the game he loved climbed the heights as player and manager, knew all the joys and sorrows, and is now wondering about the immediate future.

Groomed

It was way back in the 'twenties when the school playing fields revealed that the boy possessed extra latent talent, and opportunity knocked for him just at the right time because Everton were then beginning to think in terms of a new right-half.

They groomed him perfectly at Goodison, in a particular era when their line-up was developing into one of the best in the Home Counties, winning the FA Cup and carrying off the League Championship twice in a brilliant seven-year spell extending from 1932 onwards.

Reference

Not a surprising record, really, because in those halcyon days the Merseysiders had also gathered together a host of other top-liners. To wit: Ted Sagar, Willie Cook, Warney Cresswell, Tommy White, Jock Thomson, Albert Geldard, Jimmy Dunn, Dixie Dean, Tommy Johnson, and Jimmy Stein, the only uncapped man in the party during my days with them.

Often the club feeder and regular space creator for the goal-scoring exploits of W.R.D., he moved into the England camp for a debut against the Irish in 1934, and was still being handed the right-half role ten years later, which can surely be said to provide a reference of pride for anybody.

He stepped jauntily in and out of the international sphere through almost two decades, sometimes winning, and on other occasions losing the challenge, but never his temper.

It was vitally necessary to stay cool and only emphasise every point of ability in that period of time, because there was an abundance of experienced rivals, and selectors were being continually spoilt for choice.

Let's deviate for a moment. Let's just take a look at the 'thirties, and remember that they were additionally the heydays of Newcastle's Sam Weaver, Sheffield Wednesday's Alf Strange, and Spurs' Vic Buckingham.

Yes, and there were also Ken Willingham, of Huddersfield Town, Jackie Bay (Manchester City), Don Welsh (Charlton), Jack Crayston (Arsenal), Wilf Copping (Leeds Utd), Frank Soo (Stoke City), Ted Fenton (West Ham), Jimmy Guthrie (Portsmouth) and Stan Cullis (Wolves).

During the years of the second world war and immediately beyond, England's intermediate line was generally formed

by Eric Thornton

of Britton, Cullis and Mercer until there came into the reckoning Billy Wright (Wolves), Phil Taylor (Liverpool), Harry Johnston (Blackpool), Ronnie Burgess (Spurs), Henry Cockburn (Manchester Utd), and others.

When Britton's international career closed, and his days out on the park also became numbered, he looked around for fresh fields to conquer and, in fairly quick succession, managed Burnley, Preston and Everton.

Missed

During his five-year stint at Deepdale he twice chased the championship and just missed. They were beaten into third place by Manchester Utd and Spurs in 1957, while the following winter his North End boys finished second to Wolves.

In his team, at that time, were such stars as Tom Finney, Tommy Thompson, Tommy Docherty, Willie Cunningham, and Frank O'Farrell, who always said his piece at question-time in the dressing-room.

Hull City finally got him in their sights, and in 1961 he crossed Yorkshire's broad acres to become the Humberside supremo on a 10-year contract, and immediately tightened discipline and re-organised everything at Boothferry Park.

A new team was built, and it not only fought its way back to the Second Division, but also began threatening to claim a First Division spot for the first time since the club was formed in the early years of the century.

But those ambitious "tigers" never quite fulfilled that promise, and as the years rolled by the board remodelled the backroom staff, appointing Britton general manager and handing the team job to Arsenal's Terry Neill, who was later joined by Tommy Docherty.

When his contract ended, Britton, the quiet man of big soccer, merely said he'd not made up his mind about the future. . . .

Tommy Docherty, the newly appointed Scottish team manager.

Hertha Berlin player admits taking bribe

LIKE in a never-ending serial, the the Bundesliga corruption scandal continues to deliver fresh material almost every week. Close on the heels of a whispering campaign comes a confession by a Hertha Berlin player with the significant name of Jürgen Rumor (26). He admits in fact to having accepted the sum of nearly £20,000 (!) before the match with Arminia Bielefeld from their "emissary" Jürgen Neumann.

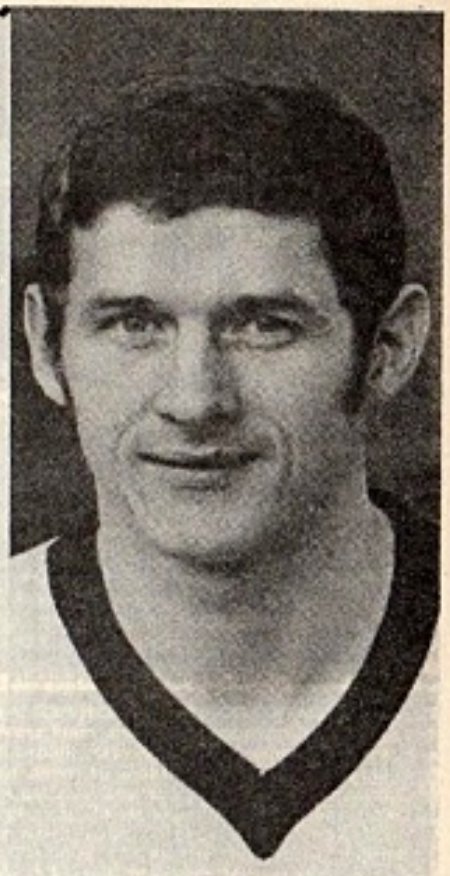
Arminia went on to win 1-0 in Berlin on the final day of the season and escaped relegation. Other Hertha players are heavily implicated—the money having been shared out—among them their foreign mercenaries Zoltan Varga, the Hungarian, and Laszlo Ghergeli of Rumania.

Both have been suspended *sine die*, just like Max Lorenz (Eintracht Brunswick), who is charged with accepting a "bonus" for the 1-1 draw with Rotweiss Oberhausen—who were Arminia's relegation "rivals".

The Berlin club, like Bielefeld, are in deep trouble with the number of involved men, gradually extending, and it may yet cover the entire first team. Needless to say Hertha have suffered at the gate as a result of these disclosures — the second time that the Berliners have been plunged into illegal activities. Their loss in takings, as well as in playing personnel, cannot as yet be estimated.

In addition, further evidence points to illicit payments having also been accepted by players from Schalke and Brunswick, who are currently being "interrogated" by a special commission of the DFB. The clubs in question are reported to be training a number of amateur players to replace those whose suspensions are regarded as imminent.

On the other hand, despite these scandals the public still flocks to see the top talent in action, other than the mentioned slump in Berlin: a capacity 64,000 watched in Frankfurt Eintracht's great 3-2 triumph over Bayern, the Cupholders' first defeat of the season after 14 games.



Max Lorenz, suspended sine die.

ZURICH AND BASEL LEAD

SWITZERLAND'S domestic football programme was interrupted by international preparations and disrupted by the weather which descended unannounced and literally silently in the shape of heavy snowfalls towards the end of November. Of the eight scheduled cup-ties only two could be staged: Biel defeated Sion 2-1, whilst Basel removed Chaux-de-Fonds by 3-0.

This match should have been played at Chaux-de-Fonds, but since their ground was unfit the game was switched to Basel—in accordance with the flexible regulations of the Swiss FA! It must be doubtful whether any English club would accept such rules. In any case the various postponements are threatening a fixture chaos—yes, even in this country where soccer moves at a (seemingly) slower pace.

In the championship, the duel at the top between FC Zürich and FC Basel continued with this unquestionably best pair of clubs in the country having opened a slight gap ahead of the title holders Grasshoppers. Zürich have won 11 out of their 12 matches and suffered only one defeat, whilst Basel remained unbeaten but kept dropping points, so that at the end of the month they were three points behind their rivals. It is worth noting that these clubs have between them no fewer than eight men from the national side who did so well against England at Wembley: Stierli, Kuhn, Künzli and Jeandupeux play for Zürich, whilst Ramseier, Odermatt, Balmer and Blättler belong to Basel.

Swiss Television produced an unusual analysis of Kuhn's performance in the 1-1 draw with England at Wembley. It was calculated that Kuhn touched the ball 56 times during the first half; 54 of his passes found a colleague accurately—only two had been misplaced!

Leading League scorers: Walter Müller (Young Boys) 11; Künzli (Zürich) 9; Dimmeler (Winterthur) and Balmer (Basel) 8; Zappella (Lausanne) 7.

WEST HAM—I SALUTE THEM

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

THEY ARE domiciled in the grimy and unfashionable East End of London, but they have a reputation for playing the cleanest and most elegant soccer in England. Thirteen years ago they struggled to get out of the Second Division but some of those men, who were not rated among the great stars of that era, have today become the most successful managers in the land. I am referring to West Ham United, whose record as a club may not be comparable to that of Arsenal, or Manchester United, or Tottenham, but whose achievements in producing outstnading soccer coaches are probably unique in the world and have rightly earned them the tag "Academy of Football".

Consider this incredible line-up from the ranks of the former "Hammers": Frank O'Farrell and Malcolm Musgrove—manager and coach of League leaders Manchester United; Malcolm Allison—manager of Manchester City; Dave Sexton—manager of Chelsea; Noel Cantwell—manager Coventry City; Jimmy Bloomfield—manager Leicester City; Ron Tindall—manager Portsmouth; John Bond and Ken Brown—manager and coach Bournemouth; Andy Nelson—manager Gillingham; Jimmy Andrews—assistant manager Luton Town; Phil Woosnam—currently No. 1 coach and soccer administrator in the USA; Lawrie Leslie—coach Southend Utd; Ian Crawford—Youth team coach, Everton. In addition there are four men who are employed by West Ham, like John Lyall (chief coach), Ernie Gregory (Reserve team coach), John Dick and Bill Lansdowne, who both coach the club's junior sides.

There can be no other club in the world who can point to a similar record.

Now, it is often said that great players do not necessarily make great managers. This is shown by such examples as Billy Wright, who despite his 105 caps for England failed as a boss at Arsenal, or better still, the legendary Stanley Matthews who as manager of Port Vale, some four years ago, advised a youngster named Ray Kennedy to give up football!

On the other hand, quite ordinary players can sometimes reach the dizzy heights in management. Here the best example is furnished by the Franco-Argentinian Helenio Herrera, whose active career was hardly distinguished but who today is the most famous and

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Seven of West Ham United's most distinguished "old boys" made a sentimental visit to Cassettari's café, near West Ham's ground in London's East End recently. Fifteen years ago, the seven were all playing for West Ham and, after their daily training session they used to go to Cass's for "tea and tactics"—prolonged discussions about football. Obviously the time was not wasted for they have all gone on to key jobs in football. Shortly the café is to be pulled down to make way for a new establishment, which will probably lack the homely atmosphere which was so much a part of Cass's. In any case, times have changed since those "good old days". As Theresa, wife of owner Phil Cassettari says: "We only get the West Ham colts in here now . . . perhaps sometimes Bobby Moore and Geoff Hurst. But now the players are in the money, what do they want to come in here for. Certainly not eggs, chips, tea, and bread and butter like in the old days." Pictured, from the left, are: Jimmy Andrews, Dave Sexton, Noel Cantwell, Malcolm Allison, Phil Cassettari, John Bond, Frank O'Farrell, Malcolm Musgrove.

certainly the highest paid soccer supremo in the world.

But for a club—and practically one team—comprising a number of average players to produce a string of first-class coaches borders on the incredible which has no parallel in modern football. But this is precisely the story of West Ham.

There is little doubt that several members of the current squad will eventually make a name for themselves in the field of coaching and club management. West Ham are indeed fortunate to have as their manager Ron Greenwood, one of the shrewdest and most efficient tacticians in the game, who acts as a "technical adviser" to FIFA.

Guidance

Born at Burnley, he played for Chelsea, Bradford, Brentford and Fulham, gaining various representative honours before taking over at West Ham on April 11, 1961. Under his guidance the club won the FA Cup in 1964, the European Cup winners Cup in 1965, reached the semi-final of that competition a year later in which the "Hammers" also reached the final of the League Cup.

During their successful run in European tournaments I have acted as an interpreter for them on several occasions and have managed to obtain some idea of their organisation at close quarters. What impresses most, is the apparent trust and confidence of the board of directors headed by the chairman, Mr. Reg Pratt, in the ability and judgment of their manager, even when successes were spread thinly and the club struggled in the lower reaches of the top division.

And Ron Greenwood does not even have—or indeed require—a written contract! Those who have sneered at some of his expensive signings would do well to remember that he has not put the club in the red. The purchases have been offset by his sales and in this way any club which is run as a limited company should conduct its business affairs.

Bobby Moore.

West Ham may not have been as successful in the past five years as their approach and style of play have deserved, but one must allow for the defensive tendencies and the almost brutal "tactics" which had infested English soccer since the World Cup victory of 1966. The "Hammers", whose high degree of technique and skill would have reaped rewards in most European Leagues, were clearly handicapped in the domestic set-up not least by the admirable refusal of their management to follow the violent methods as employed by their less scrupulous rivals.

Success stories

Now that even the conservative Football League management committee had at last seen the light and decided to clean up English soccer, we can look forward to long overdue success stories from clubs who foster and encourage skilful rather than purely physical football. Statistics prove that only a blend of superior skill and technique with athletic qualities has helped English clubs to win international honours.

It would indeed be a boost to the game if West Ham were to assumer their rightful place at the top of the English soccer ladder. This must be the wish of all those fans who have the interest and good name of English football at heart. Not least as a salute to those who have graduated and others who will surely follow from this world famous "Academy of Football"!

INVERNIZZI... INTER H

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

WHEN Gianni Invernizzi became manager of Internazionale, Milan, last season, in succession to the Paraguayan Heriberto Herrera, they were six points behind Milan. They ended by winning the Championship with something to spare. No small achievement, it seemed, for a 39-year-old who had moved up so suddenly from the position of youth team coach; yet, in a sense, Invernizzi could scarcely win, let alone in so gossip-ridden and cynical an ambience as that of Italian football.

If he failed, that is to say, he would lose his new job. If he succeeded, as he so surprisingly and impressively did, the credit would be given to the players. And so it was. Though Invernizzi, once the Inter left-half, changed both tactics and training, the whispers insisted that it was the senior players who had done it all, that Mazzola, Corso and Burgnich, in particular, had wanted Invernizzi because they knew they could prevail on him, just as the club president, Ivanoe Fraizzoli, a manufacturer of uniforms, wanted him because he preferred a manager who would not overshadow him. "The others have the experience," said a sceptical Italian coach to me, when I was recently over there, "and Invernezzi is *getting* the experience."

Responsible

So when that Coca Cola can hit Boninsegna on the back of the head in Munchengladbach it may, however painful for the Inter centre-forward, have been the best thing that happened to Invernizzi, giving him some excuse for the absolute moral falling apart of his Inter team, in which Lido Vieri, in goal, was probably responsible for five of the seven scored against him, and Mario Corso was sent off, later suspended for over a year from European matches, for kicking the referee.

When Invernizzi is remembered as a player—and he was a perfectly competent one, good enough, I recall, to be in the first ever Italy Under-23 side which beat England 3-0 in 1954—it is in connection with Lo Bello, the whistle and the knock-out.

The incident occurred during a game at San Siro, a decade or so ago, refereed by Lo Bello, that muscular Sicilian. Invernizzi went rushing to him from behind to protest at a decision, and Lo Bello, flinging out the hand with the whistle in it, caught him a formidable blow in the mouth which laid him low and prevented his further participation in the game.

Atmosphere

When I myself spoke to Invernizzi in Milan, I thought he made a great deal of sense, even though he had been ridiculed at times as a malaprop—thanking the crowd at Florence once for their *capienza*, which in fact means the capacity of, say, a stadium. . . . Giacinto Facchetti, the left-back of Inter and the captain of Italy, had already told me how much Invernizzi had improved training, tactics and atmosphere at the club, by comparison with Heriberto Herrera who, he said, was inclined to look for scapegoats.

Invernizzi told me he had made the training more intense and the tactics more "vertical". He tried, he said, "to exploit the natural capacity of every player. It's useless to try to make a player fill a role for which he hasn't the characteristics.

Inter players Bordon (goalkeeper), Burgnich and Facchetti defend their goal against Sieloff of Monchengladbach.

IN THE OT-SEAT

We play more vertically, now. The players exploit the most natural methods possible, without precise dispositions, but with automatic switching."

He had plenty of problems to solve when he took over, though some seemed to work out of their own accord. Above all, there was the extreme rivalry between the two star mid-field players, Mario Corso and Sandrino Mazzola, both of whom have been at Inter since their teens, though Mazzola was, of course, for many years a scoring centre-forward. On one famous occasion down at Inter's training ground, Corso is said to have written on the tactical blackboard, "MAZZOLA: TALK LESS AND PLAY MORE." At the end of last season, Mazzola was saying that he wanted a transfer, and Juventus were making interested noises, but the end of it was that the players decided to bury the hatchet, helped, perhaps, by certain incentives offered by the president, which have been kept secret in the bosom of the club. Invernizzi skates round the question, saying that they are both great players and both essential to the team, which indeed is quite undeniable.

Invernizzi does have some interesting things to say about the state and development of the game, which he sees as being in a state of constant evolution (Sir Alf Ramsey please note!). He feels that the present epoch is a democratic one in which the players should be encouraged to take part in the workings of the club, "without diminishing the responsibility of the person in charge." He feels that we have passed through the time when there was a need for dictatorship — read, if you wish, Helenio Herrera — and that "a really intelligent democracy can bring success in the realm of sport. It's a moment when the player doesn't need to be repressed but needs to participate in the life of the club. In ten years' time it may be different. Too much anarchy, and it may not be a good thing."

Italian football being what it abominably is, Invernizzi knows that his job and his purported 20 million lire a year (that's £13,000) salary, a salary about half what his star players earn, are contingent on success, and nothing else. Perhaps, ironically and cruelly enough, the only way he can really prove himself in Italy is either by taking over and succeeding with a new club, or by staying long enough at Inter for the brilliant old brigade to disappear so that he has to start all over again with a wholly fresh team.

A blond, olive-skinned, voluble man who began losing his hair early, let us hope he will keep his job at least long enough to show us his true worth.

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England beat Greece but...

by ROGER MACDONALD

AND then there were seven and a half left in the European Championship—Yugoslavia, Italy, Russia, West Germany, Rumania, Hungary, Belgium and England . . . not half the side they were nor half as interesting as any one of their remaining opponents.

England's 2-0 win in Greece, for all the excuses of an unfamiliar pitch, a hostile crowd and the loss of certain players through injury, had about as much excitement and flair as the creaky swing of a barn door nearly off its hinges.

In plain language, England were the better side, but being the better side against one of the few European international teams that would have struggled in the Third Division of the Football League did them no credit. It was a match they had no need to win, yet their approach smacked of the dour determination more suited to the defenders of Rorke's Drift than a football match alongside the sparkling Aegean.

Until Hurst lifted himself out of the doldrums to score what was, under the circumstances, a goal of totally unexpected stature midway through the second half, not a glimmer of inspiration could be seen in the England side. When Chivers added another near the end, it lent an air of respectability to the result that was ill-deserved.

If there was ever a case of experiment and adventure, it must have been a competitive match which England could afford to lose by as many as three clear goals. Yet Sir Alf Ramsey took no chances, and clearly demonstrated that he has neither the tactical insight, nor even the courage of his convictions, to use substitutes as they are used by every other side in Europe. So Rodney Marsh, blessed with seven fatuous minutes against the Swiss at Wembley, sat on the bench and sunned himself into oblivion.

West Germany 0, Poland 0
(Hamburg)

The 62,000 crowd in the Volkspark booed the West German side off the field, as though to say qualified you may have, but play well you did not. Although Overath and Beckenbauer dominated midfield, in slippery conditions the German attack rarely got going.

Only Grabowski, shooting just over the bar 14 minutes from time, really came close to scoring. The Poles, outplayed when the teams met previously in Warsaw, seemed to recognise that a draw was the limit of their capabilities.

Italy 2, Austria 2
(Rome)

The result became rather less surprising when one examines the Italian line-up: it included two newcomers to international football, Tazio Roversi of Bologna and the local AS Roma player, Sergio Santarini, and omitted Sandro Mazzola and Gianni Rivera.

Santarini had an inauspicious debut to the extent that it included a technical own goal on the hour when he deflected a shot from Sara, giving Austria a 2-1 lead they kept until De Sisti equalised. Prati, switched to the right flank to accommodate Riva, gave Italy an early lead which Jara equalised with a fine header. But the most interesting aspect of the match was perhaps Austria's recall of Rapid 'keeper Adolf Antrich at 30 for only his second international.

Portugal 1, Belgium 1
(Lisbon)

Portugal gambled on Eusebio, who played despite a leg injury, and on Jose Torres, brought out of international retirement after scoring 17 goals in 20 matches for his new club, Vitoria Setubal. But the course of this game was determined by what seemed a lamentable decision by the English referee, Ken Burns, after three minutes, when Eusebio ran clear with the ball at his feet and the goal at his mercy. Film of the game showed beyond doubt that Piot grabbed Eusebio's leg to prevent him scoring, yet no penalty was given.

The Portuguese knew that Belgium would probably last the pace better, so they gambled on an increasing number of attacking players, who had the Belgian goal under some pressure in the early stages. But after 60 minutes Belgium broke away, Van Himst produced a particularly fine pass, and Lambert scored. Thereafter Portugal became increasingly desperate, and equalised only when a Belgian defender inexplicably handled a high ball in the penalty area and Peres scored from the spot. The draw was all Belgium needed to qualify for the quarter-finals.

Holland 8, Luxemburg 0
(Eindhoven)

After their recent fine performances, Luxemburg played well below par against a Dutch side that did almost as they pleased. The Luxemburg penalty area was besieged for almost the whole match, with Johann Cruyff opening the floodgates with a goal in the third minute. Cruyff added two more, while Keizer, Puhlplatz, Huishoff, Hoekema and Israel banged the rest past the luckless Moer.

Billy Bingham, manager of the Greek national side.

Bulgaria 2, Greece 2
(Sofia)

A major surprise for the Greeks, playing without their captain, Domazos; but the recall of their lanky centre-forward Antoniadis brought its reward for boldness in the shape of a 63rd minute goal. Vassilev and Irilov gave the Bulgars what seemed a winning lead, only for Papaionnou to equalise three minutes before the final whistle.

Bulgaria 8, Spain 3
(Sofia)

Not, I hasten to explain, a full international, although Bulgaria fielded their strongest side. This was an Olympic qualifying tie notable for the complete failure of the Portuguese referee Leitos to control it.

Leitos sent off three Spanish players, Issosola, Garcia and Castro in the second half, and warned the Spanish captain, Jose Manuel. Goals came regularly between the incidents, with Bulgaria's Michailov scoring a hat-trick.

Spain 7, Cyprus 0
(Granada)

A meaningless match, for Russia had already made sure of qualifying from this group, and Spain took it surprisingly seriously. The Spanish captain Jose Pirri played particularly well, scoring the first goal after 10 minutes and another in the second half.

MERSIN FACE CHARGE

BRIAN BIRCH reports on a memorable victory for Turkey over Poland and on the Turkish scene

TURKEY 1, Poland 0. Yes, it's true. This is not a fairy tale. At long last Turkey have done it. A victory over a major footballing power.

In front of 70,000 spectators in the newly-built Atta Turk Stadium, in Izmir, the Turkish national side finally did something. In the 52nd minute Cemil, centre-forward, sent the crowd wild when he accepted a chance created by Metin, the outside-right, and sent the ball rocketing into the roof of the net from close range. From this moment on it was almost impossible to believe that this game could have no bearing whatsoever on the group placings. Neither side will have any interest in the quarter-finals of the European Championship, but watching this crowd cheering their long-awaited heroes, it might well have been the deciding match of a World Cup qualifying round.

Enthusiasm

Poland seemed to show little interest throughout this game, and without Lubanski there is always something lacking. They surprisingly played a purely defensive game, spasmodically counter-attacking, but with little enthusiasm. Turkey could not quite accept this tactic and played throughout the first half as though they suspected some hidden threat were about to be brought into action. But Poland continued to play in this almost holiday mood.

In the second half the Turkish players took the bit in their teeth, threw caution to the winds, and this was what the crowd had been waiting for. A firm grip was taken in midfield, and before the Poles realised what was happening they were in arrears.

Unfortunately the game deteriorated. The Turks were not quite sure what to do, now that they had taken the lead. Well, after all, this had never happened before. What do you do at a time like this? Someone must have made a decision, for there was an immediate reverse of action. Everybody lost their new-won confidence and went back to defend. But who can blame them. This was their big moment, and the Poles might decide to attack. But to everyone's surprise nothing happened.

A CHARGE of doping has been brought against First Division club Mersin, a team playing out of Southern Turkey. This charge, as in other similar cases in the past, will be difficult to prove, although the sudden, almost miraculous form of this side might be termed strong circumstantial evidence.

Mersin, never strong contenders for honours in Turkey, now find themselves sitting on top of the league with a two-point lead over their nearest rivals. Watching this team in the early part of the season I must confess that I could not see them anything more than fighting to save themselves from relegation. But strange things do happen.

A change of coach was the first move. Sabri, formerly of Fenerbache, was sacked. Turgay, a former international goalkeeper and journalist, took over. Five convincing wins and one drawn game later somebody thought it was just too good to be true. The Turkish Football Federation was brought into the act. At the time of writing, charges and counter-charges are being laid, with everybody, including the local peanut vendor, having their say. Personally, I must go along with the majority who find it awfully difficult to believe that a potential relegation side can change into championship candidates.

With many European teams now taking a break at this time of the year, Turkish clubs have not been slow with invitations. Recently we saw Russia, who were on their way back from one of their lightning tours of the African nations. Fenerbache played host to this very fine team, which contained many youngsters. The game proved a most entertaining one, although the result was a crushing 4-0 defeat for the home side.

Coinciding with this game was the match between Bursa and Denmark. Another win for the visiting team, 2-0.

Frankfurt, Germany, flew in to play a match against Eskihishir Spor as part of a deal involving the transfer of former Eskihishir outside-left Ender, who was transferred to Frankfurt at the beginning of the season for the record fee of 1,600,000 TL or £35,000. Ender turned out for his old team on this occasion and a 1-1 result was an agreeable one.

Due to arrive next month are the Austrian sides Admira and Voest Lintz. A tournament is envisaged on this occasion over a week's duration. The two Turkish teams involved will be Galatasary and Fenerbache. The Turkish Federation will be taking a close interest in this tournament as this is a new venture in Turkey. Should it prove a success, others will surely follow.

● *Continued from facing page*

Rumania 2, Wales 0
(Bucharest)

Rumania needed only to win this match to reach the quarter-finals, and win they did; although Wales proved unexpectedly stubborn opposition. Lupescu scored early on when he was left unmarked at Lucescu's corner, but thereafter Millington kept the Rumanians at bay. Lucescu himself settled the game with a goal from close range in the second half.

North Korea 3, Iraq 0
(Pyong Yang)

Beware, beware . . . the North Koreans are on the march—this victory in the Olympic Games by a 3-1 aggregate (Iraq had won the first leg 1-0 in Baghdad in November) put the Koreans into the next round of the Olympic Qualifying Tournament. The days of Hang Bong Jin and Pak Do Ik may yet be revived.

Holland 2, Scotland 1
(Amsterdam)

Scotland's first defeat since Tommy Docherty took over as manager was due largely to their inability to contest midfield with the fine Dutch pair of Van Hanagem and Keizer. Cruyff, deadly as ever, gave Holland an early lead, and although Graham equalised in the second half, Hulsoff's winning header close to time was richly deserved.

Tanzania 1, China 1
(Dar-Es-Salaam)

China's first international on foreign soil for three years almost ended in defeat, for the Tanzanians dominated this match for long periods, and would have won easily but for weak finishing.

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Valencia (0) 1 (Claramunt, I.)
Hajduk: Vukcevic; Djoni, Holcer, Perusovic, Burijan, Boljat, Hlevnak, Boskovic, Nadoveza, Jovanovic, Pahlika.
Valencia: Melendez; Sol, Anibal, Martinez, Antonico, Claramunt I, Adorno, Claramunt II, Forment, Valdes.

CSKA Moscow ( ) 3 (Dorofeyev 2, Ogloblin)
Galatasaray ( ) 0
CSKA: Pshenichnikov; Istomin, Shesternev, Volterko, Kaplichni, Ogloblin, Kopeikin (Kuznetsov), Dolgov, Fedotov, Pelhanov, Dorofeev.
Galatasaray: Nihat; Ikram, Tuncay, Muzaffer, Aydin, Olcay, Metin, Ayhan, Bulent (Irkazan), Gokmen, Mehmet.

Linfield (0) 2 (Magee, Larmour)
Standard Liege (1) 3 (Van Moer, Takac, Pilot pen) 6,000
Linfield: McGonigal; Fraser, Patterson, Larmour, McAllister, Bowyer, McAteer, Peacock (Andrews), Magee, Scott, Cathcart.
Standard: Piot; Beurlet, Dolmans, Labarbe, Dossajue, Pilot, Semmeling, Van Moer, Henrotay, Svensson, Takac (Cvetler).

Celtic ( ) 3 (Wallace 2, Callaghan)
BK 1903 Copenhagen (0) 0 53,000
Celtic: Williams; Craig, Brogan, Hay, McNeill, Connelly, Johnstone, Lennox (Hughes), Wallace, Callaghan, Macari.
BK 1903: Jensen; Nielsen, Petersen (Christiansen), Wentzgaard, Andersen, Schoberg, Nielsen, Mathiesen, Poesing, Aabling, Johannsen.

Spartak Trnava (1) 2
Dynamo Bucharest (0) 2
Spartak: Geryh; Dobias, Majernik, Varadin, Hagara, Hrutchy, Fasill, Malvas (Martinovic), Kuna, Adamec, Kabat.
Dynamo: Andrei; Cheran, Nunweiler (L.), Deleanu, Szatmari, Dinu, Lucescu, Nunweiler (R.), Dumitrache, Salceanu (Dorescu), Dumitrescu.

AEK Athens (2) 3 (Venturis, Papaioannou, Nikolaidis)
Inter Milan (1) 2 (Karafeskos o.g., Boninsegna) 35,000
AEK: Constantinidis; Triantafilu (Nikolaidis), Lavaridis, Kefalidis, Theodoridis, Karafeskos (Nikolau), Venturis, Papaemmanuil, Psicoghianni, Papaioannou, Pomonis.
Inter: Bordon; Oriali, Facchetti, Bedin, Giubertoni, Burgnich, Jair, Bertini, Boninsegna, Mazola, Corso.

Malmo (0) 1 (Tapper pen) 8,300
Ujpest Dozsa (0) 0
Malmo: Hult; Andersson (Roland), Kristensson, Tapper, Jacobsson, Andersson (Roy), Olsberg, Anderssoon (C.), Granstrom, Larsson, Jonsson.
Ujpest: Szentmihalyi; Noako, Maurer, Juhasz, Dunai (E.), Horvath, Fazekas, Zambo, Bene, Dunai (A.), Toth.

Borussia Monchengladbach (0) 2 (Sieloff, Wimmer)
Cork Hibernians (1) 1 (Dennehy) 10,000
Borussia: Kleff; Bonhof, Muller, Sieloff, Heidick, Wimmer, Danner (Whittkamp), Netzer, Wloka, Heynckes, Le Fevre.
Cork: Grady; Barozzi, O'Mahoney, Marsden, Herrick, Lawson, Sweeney, Strohan, Dennehy, Wigginton, Wallace.

Gornik Zabrze (1) 1 (Anczok)
Olympique Marseille (0) 1 (Skoblar) 80,000
Gornik: Gomola; Wrazy, Gorgon, Ostizlo, Anczok, Szoltysik, Wilczek, Skowronek, Banas (Willim), Lubanski, Sawinsky.
Marseille: Carnus, Lopez, Zwanka, Bosquier, Kula, Gress, Novi, Bonnel, Hodoul, Magnusson (Di Caro), Skoblar.

Benfica ( ) 3 (Adolfo, Artur Jorge, Simoes)
Wacker Innsbruck ( ) 1 (Jara) 40,000
Benfica: Henrique; Da Silva, Humberto, Rodrigues, Adolfo, Graca, Eusebio, Simoes, Nene (Jordao), Artur Jorge, Bastista (Zeca).
Wacker: Komarica; Eschelmuller, Skocik, Kordosch, Kriess, Binder, Berg, Francescon (Bruker), Kuppers (Kastner), Obert, Jara.

Dynamo Dresden (0) 0
Ajax Amsterdam (0) 0 35,000
Dynamo: Meyer; Ganzera, Dorner, Sammer, Geyer, Ziegler (Sachse), Hafner, Kreische, Riedel, Rau (Richter), Heidler.
Ajax: Stuy; Swart, Blankenburg, Hulshoff, Krol, Neeskens (Schilcher), Haan, Muhren (G.), Van Dijk, Cruyff, Keizer.

Partizan Tirana (0) 0
CSKA Sofia (0) 1 (Atanassov) 30,000
Partizan: Baskavim; Seferi, Berisha, Lai, Ceo, Shllaka, Thaka, Pano (Beshhuli), Shehu, Bizi, Yasku.
CSKA: Filipov; Zafirov, Stankov, Gaganelov, Kolev, Penev (Trankov), Antanasov, Nikodimov, Jekov, Denev, Marashliev (Yankov).

Arsenal ( ) 4 (Kennedy, Radford 2, Armstrong)
Stromsgodset (0) 0 27,176
Arsenal: Wilson; Rice, Nelson, Kelly, Simpson, Roberts, Armstrong, George, Radford, Kennedy, Graham.
Stromsgodset: Thon; Wolner, Mathiesen (Pedersen), Nordahl, Eriksen, Amundsen, Olsen, Andersen, Rorvik (Henriksen), Steinar Pettersen, Ingvar Pettersen.

Grasshoppers (4) 8 (Muller 4, Grobli, Schneeberger, Meier, Meyer)
Reipas Lahti (0) 0
Grasshoppers: Deck; Ruegg, Staudenmann, Citherlet, Grobli, Meyer, Wisiger, Oblhauser, Meier, Muller, Schneeberger.
Reipas: Tammisto; T. Kautonen, Kosonen, Repo, M Kautonen (Lehtinen) Nieminen, Hakka, Ruhanen (Kijskila), Jantunen, Linnanen, Lindholm.

Olympiakos Nicosia (0) 0
Feyenoord (5) 9 (Israel 3, Van Wanegem 2, Posthumus 2, Hasil, Wery) 40,000
Olympiakos: Vassiliou; Michael, Partasides, Mavrogenis, Costantinou, Pavlou (Lymbouris), Argyrou (Mallos), Ashiotis, Efthymiades, Marcou, Kettenis.
Feyenoord: Treytel; Schneider (Romeijn), Israel (Laseroms), Posthumus, Van Duivenoode, Hasil, Jansen, Wery, Schoenmaker, Van Hanegem, Moulijn.

IA Akranes (0) 0
Sliema Wanderers (0) 0
Akranes: Kristiansson; Valtysson, Gudjonsson, Steirlausson, Sannlausson, Alfredsson, Hallarimsson (Olafsson), Hafsteinsson, Thordarson, Larlsson, Johannesson.
Sliema: Pearson; Borg, Agulina (J.), Sorge, Micallef, Falzon, Cocks, Darmanin, Schembri (Vella), Aquilina (E.), Vassallo (Carvana).

CUP WINNERS CUP

First Round Second Leg

FK Austria (1) 1 (Riedl) 2,000
Dynamo Tirana (0) 0
FK Austria: Peller, Sara, Krieger, Weber, Weigl, Dirnberger, Foka (Gallutz), Hickersberger (Frohlich), Koglberger, Geyer, Riedl.
Dynamo: Hamodan, Gjinali, Sendini, Koura, Ibershimi, Abafa, Pernaska, Ceco, Ciraku, Cutra (Hysi), Hafizi (Hoxho).

Steaua Bucharest (1) 1 (Carvana o.g.)
Hibernians (Malta) (0) 0
Steaua: Coman; Satmareanu, Smarandache, Halmageanu, Naom, Negrea, Pantea (Acleni), Tataru (Stefanescu), Jordanescu, Vigh, Nastase.
Hibernians: Mizzi; Privitera, Mifsud, Zerafa, Carvana, Micallef, Borg (Zammit), Theobald, Bonello, Cini, Delia.

Liverpool ( ) 2 (Hughes, Heighway)
Servette (0) 0 38,591
Liverpool: Clemence, Lawler, Lindsay, Smith (Ross), Lloyd, Hughes, Keegan (Toshack), Hall, Heighway, Graham, Callaghan.
Servette: Barlic; Morganegg, Wegmann, Guyot, Perroud, Marchi (Kurz), Nemeth, Dorfel, Desbiolles, Bosson, Barriquand.

Barcelona (2) 4 (Marcial 4)
Distillery (0) 0 15,000
Barcelona: Sadurni; Rife, Gallego (Fuste), Eladio, Torres, Costas, Rexach, (Alfonseda), Marcial, Duenas, Asensi, Juan Carlos.
Distillery: McDonald; White, Meldrum, Brannigan, Donnelly, Rafferty, Law, Savage, Watson, O'Neill, Quinn.

Cardiff City ( ) 1 (Clark)
Dynamo Berlin ( ) 1 (Labes)
Cardiff: Eadie; Jones, Bell, Sutton, Murray, Phillips, King, Clark, Woodruff, Warboys (Foggon), Gibson.
Dynamo: Lihsa; Stumpf, Carow, Trumpler, Hull, Rohde, Talerski, Becker, Schutze (Schullenberg), Labes, Johannsen.

Chelsea (5) 13 (Osgood 5, Hudson, Webb, Baldwin 3, Houseman, Hollins pen, Harris)
Jeunesse Hautcharage (0) 0 27,621
Chelsea: Bonetti; Boyle, Harris, Hollins, Webb, Hinton, Cooke, Baldwin, Osgood, Hudson, Houseman.
Hautcharage: Fussler; Weischer (L.), Frantzen, Weischer (H.), Schoder, Battello, Weischer (R.), Weischer (J. P.), Scheubiltgen, Thill, Kaiser.

Torino (0) 4 (Toschi 3, Luppi)
Limerick (0) 0 15,000
Torino: Cancellini; Zecchini, Fossati, Mozzini, Cereser, Agroppi, Ramponi, Sala, Ferrini, Pulici (Luppi), Toschi.
Limerick: Fitzpatrick; Quinn, Byrnes, Hall, Fitzcane, O'Mahoney, Short, McEvoy, Barrett, Coad, Meaney.

Lyn Oslo (0) 0
Sporting Lisbon (2) 3 (Wagner, Dinis, Yazalde)
Lyn: Olsen (S.); Rodvang, Ostvold, Borsheim, Gjedren, Iversen, Osblien, Fugiset, Christopherson, Olsen (D.), Birkeland.
Sporting: Oliveira; Gomes, Conceicao, Gonzalves, Calo, Laranteira (Faria), Fernando, Lourenco (Toma), Yazalde, Canotilho, Dinis.

Bayern Munich (2) 6 (Muller 2, 1 pen, Krauthausen, Hoffmann 2, Roth)
Skoda Pilsen (1) 1 (Ilican) 6,000
Bayern: Maier; Hoeness (Kopenhofer), Hansen, Schwarzenbeck, Breitner, Roth, Zobel, Krauthausen, Schneider (Hoffmann), Muller, Sohnholz.
Skoda: Calous; Spinka, Plass, Korinek (Kamir) Ficako, Sus, Ilican, Bachner, Sedik, Michalek, Zielger.

Red Star, Belgrade (1) 1 (Acimovic)
Banyna Konsloi (1) 2 (Juhasz, Bencsik)
Red Star: Dajkovic; Rosdovic, Krivokuca, Novkovic, Keri, Pavlovic, Jankovic, Karasi, Acimovic (Nikolic), Mihajlovic, Dzajic (Susic).
Konsloi: Ress; Lazaridesz, Kovacs, Csordas, Hocvath, Makrai, Juhasz, Bordacs, Solymosi, Orsos, Bencsik.

Dynamo Moscow (1) 1 (Sabo)
Olympiakos (2) 2 (Triandafilos, Gaitaris) 20,000
Dynamo: Pilgui; Shtapov, Anichkin, Zikov (Basalaev), Mashov, Zhukov, Estrekov, Sabo, Kozmiakin (Kosiov), Machovikov, Evryuzhkhin.
Olympiakos: Karypides, Gaitaris, Zoannos, Persidis, Kouvas, Syntopoulos, Karavitis, Youtsos, Triantafilos, Argyroudis (Pappas), Papadimitriou (Pamboulis).

Rangers (1) 1 (MacDonald)
Stade Rennes (0) 0 40,000
Rangers: McCloy; Jardine, Mathieson, Greig, McKinnon, Jackson, Henderson, Conn, Stein, MacDonald, Johnston.
Rennes: Aubour; Connard, Cardiet, Garcia, Cedolin, Chiesta, Terrier (Majiov), Keruzore (Redon), Betta, Toublanc, Lenoir.

Atvidaberg (1) 1 (Ljungberg)
Zaglebie Sosnowice (1) 1 (Jarosik) 2,670
Atvidaberg: Blomberg; Olsson, Karlsson, Andersson (S.), Gustavsson, Ljungberg, Andersson (L.), Torstensson (Augustsson), Wallinder, Sandberg, Edstrom.
Zaglebie: Urbansky; Lesczinski, Bazan, Szmidt, Rudy, Sewerys, Ambrosy, Galecka, Gzel, Jarosik, Kowalczyk.

Eskischirspor (3) 4 (Fethi 4)
MP Mikkeli (0) 0
Eskischirspor: Taskin; Ochsu, Faik, Berhan, Osmail, Kamuran (Sureyya), Halik, Vaap, Fethi, Barhan, Sevki (Nihat).
Mikkeli: Remes; Jurgman, Valjakka, Karppinen, Martinsen (Mutanen), Gunther, Vallori, Vanhanen, Hyttinen, Nikkanen, Toivola (Vilhanen).

Sparta Rotterdam ( ) 2
Levski Spartak (0) 0
Sparta: Doesburg; Vennekor, Ter Horst, Eykenbrock, Visser, Walbeck, Boseld (Van der Veen), Heyerman, Kowalik, Klijnjan, Kristensen.
Levski: Mihailov; Gajdarski, Jetchev, Aladjov, Iskov, Stoianov, Veselinov, Kirikov (J.), Zvetkov, Panov, Kirilov (P.) (Karafampiev).
Anorthosis Famagusta (0) 0
Beerschot (0) 1 (Kasprzak pen)
Anorthosis: Stylianou; Mertakas, Larkoy, Stephanos, Siapanis, Psilios (Andreou), Christodoulos, Vafopoulos, Mantis, Rouallis, Panagidis.
Beerschot: Brosch; Coolet, Dalving, Belin, Van Opdorp, Stroybant, Kasprzak, Houben (Tolsa), Seukerbuik, Claessen, Mallants (Levantaer).

UEFA CUP

First Round Second Leg

Eintracht Braunschweig (3) 6 (Brundl 5, 1 pen, Gerwein)
Glentoran (1) 1 (McCaffrey) 12,000
Eintracht: Franke; Grzyb, Base, Kasck, Merkhoffer, Gersdorff, Lorenz, Haas, Gerwien, Brundl, Erler.
Glentoran: Terry McCullough; Hill, Mackin, William McCullough, McKeag, Coyle, Jamison, Magill, McCaffrey, Kirk, Callaghan.

Tottenham Hotspur ( ) 0 (Chivers 3, Perryman-Coates, Knowles, Gilleon 2, Holder)
Keflavik (0) 0 23,818
Tottenham: Jennings; Evans, Knowles, Mullery, England, Beal, Coates, Perryman, Chivers, Peters, (Holder), Gilleon.
Keflavik: Olafsson; Gunnarsson (A.), Hilmarsson, Gunnarsson (E.), Kjartansson, Torfason,

EUROTISTICS — EUROTISTICS

Jóhannsson, Hermannsson, Johannsson, Ragnarsson, Einarsson.

Aris Bonnevoie (0) 2 (Mousel, Da Silva)
FC Den Haag (1) 2 (Roggeveen, Mansveld) 800
Aris: Stendebach; Fandel, Dabee, Schanen, Pesch, Roemer, Da Silva, Langers, Devillet, Mousel, Kirchens.
Den Haag: Thie (Ardesch); Van Der Bosch, Pas (Van Vliet), Mansveld, Koevaar, Advocaat, De Zoete, Berg, Roggeveen, Weimar, Van Enden.

Nimes (0) 2 (Octavio o.g., Adams)
Vitoria Setubal (1) 1 (Torres) 15,000
Nimes: Martinelli; Odasso, Belton, Auge, Kabile, Adams, Mezy, Pircalab, Volnea, Vergnes, Bonnet (Iniesta).
Setubal: Joaquim Torres; Rebelo, Cardoso, Mendes, Santos, Octavio, Jose Maria, Matine, Jose Torres, Guerreiro, Jacinto (Praia).

Ferencvaros (1) 3
Fenerbahce (0) 1
Ferencvaros: Geczi; Vepi, Panesics (Vocot), Megyesi, Juhasz, Balint, Szoke, Branikovics, Albert, Ku, Rakosi.
Fenerbahce: Yavuz; Nimizi, Serkan, Ziya, Ercan, Yilmaz, Yasar, Fuat, Osman, Nedim, Muharrem (Canan).

Leeds United (0) 0
Lierse SK (3) 4 (Reaney o.g., Ressel 2, Janssens) 18,680
Leeds: Shaw (Sprake); Reaney, Cooper, Yorath, Faulkner, Madeley, Lorimer, Mann (Hunter), Belfitt, Bates, Galvin.
Lierse: Engelen; Dierckx, Krivitz, Michielsens, Goelen, Vereenyen, De Coulser, Davidovic, Janssens, De Nul, Ressel.

Elfsborg Boras (0) 1 (Sundh)
Hertha Berlin (1) 4 (Hoer 2, Steffenhagen, Gutzeit) 3,000
Elfsborg: Hedin; Gustafsson, Malberg, Goeran Ahlstrom, Olsa, Andersson, Sundh, Hoglund, Thomas Ahlstrom, Carlsson, Christiansson.
Hertha: Gross; Ferschl, Witt, Hermandung, Enders, Rumor, Varga, Beer, Sperlich, Horr, Steffenhagen.

Akademisk Copenhagen (0) 0
Dundee ( ) 1 (Duncan) 2,000
Akademisk: Henriksen; Larsen, Soderbloom, Rasmussen, Yde, Jessen (Petersen), Barsburg, Carlsen, Hansen (O.), Hansen (F.), Andersen.
Dundee: Hewitt; Wilson (R.), Johnston, Steele, Phillip, Houston, Duncan, Kinnimonth, Wallace, Scott (J.), Wilson (J.).

IFK Helsinki (0) 0
Rosenborg ( ) 1
Helsinki: Nurmen; Haab, Ekman, Elo, Enquist, Heikkila, Pottisaari, Wiik, Paatelainen, Wahlbeck, Paatelainen.
Rosenborg: Karlsen; Meisik, Romnes, Rime, Jensen, Christiansen, Ness, Hansen (Wormaahl), Wirkola (Bickelsen), Lindseth, Murkved.

Shelbourne ( ) 1
Vasas Budapest ( ) 1
Shelbourne: Roche; Cannon, O'Brien, McDonnell, Place (Brennan), Dunning, McKenna, O'Connor, Murray, Core, McNaughton.
Vasas: Meszaros; Fabian, Morczel, Ihasz, Torok, Vidats, Molnar, Puskas, Kovacs, Varadi, Farkas.

Aberdeen ( ) 1 (Harper)
Celta Vigo (0) 0 30,000
Aberdeen: Geoghegan; Boel, Murray (G.), Young, Murray (S.), Buchan (M.), Robb, Willoughby, Forrest, Harper, Buchan (G.).
Celta: Alarcia; Pedrito, Rivas, Navarro, Manolo, Dominguez, Lezcano (Jimisa), Juan, Rodilla, Almagro (Ribera), Suso.

Academica Coimbra ( ) 1 (Antonio)
Wolverhampton Wanderers ( ) 4 (Dougan 3, McAlle)
Academica: Melo; Feliz, Alfinho, Simoes, Marques, Gervasio, Mario Campos, Antonio, Serafim, Vitor Campos, Duarte.
Wolves: Parkes, Shaw, Parkin, Bailey, Taylor, McAlle, Hegan, O'Grady, McCalliog, Dougan, Wagstaffe.

Cologne (0) 2 (Simmet, Glowacz)
St. Etienne (0) 1 (Revelli) 12,000
Cologne: Welz; Hemmerbach, Cullmann, Weber, Kapellmann, Simmet, Overath, Flohe (Glowacz), Konopka, Lohr, Rupp.
St. Etienne: Curkel; Repellini, Herbin, Mercadier (Santavilla), Farison, Bereta, Larque, Keita, Farison, Revelli (P.), Sarramagna.

Legia (0) 0
Lugano (0) 0 10,000
Legia: Tomaszewski; Stachurski, Blaut II, Zygmunt, Trzaskowski, Blaut I, Gomieniec, Deyna, Nowak (Piedzialka), Brychcy (Cypka), Gadocha.

Lugano: Prosperi; Coduri, Bolli, Cadlini (Richa), Bernet, Signorelli (Lanfranconi), Hansen, Luttrop, Brenna, Scacchi, Pellegrini.

Nantes (0) 1 (Maas)
Porto (1) 1 (De Michele o.g.) 15,000
Nantes: Fosche; Laguillez, Osman, Gardon, De Michele, Michel, Fech, Blanchet, Marcos, Coutin, Maas.
Porto: Rui; Gualter, Rolando, Waldemar, Manhica, Pavao, Bene, Ricardo, Abel, Lenos, Nobrega.

St. Johnstone (1) 3 (Hall, Person, Whitelaw)
Hamburg (0) 0 15,000
St. Johnstone: Donaldson; Lambie, Gordon, Rennie, Coburn, Hall (Pearson), McPhee, Aird, Connolly, Whitelaw, Aitken.
Hamburg: Ozcan; Saadmann, Kurbjuhn, Schulz (W.), Ripp, Zaczyk, Nogly, Bjornmose, Honig, Winkler, Volkert.

Atletico Bilbao (0) 2 (Ortuondo, Arieta)
Southampton (0) 0 45,000
Atletico: Iribar; Saez, Guisasola, Villar, Echeverria, Larrauri, Argoitia (Ortuondo), Uriarte, Arieta, Angel Rojo, Checha Rojo.
Southampton: Martin; Kirkup, Hollywood, Fisher (O'Brien), McGrath, Walker, Paine, Channon, Stokes (Davies), O'Neil, Jenkins.

Anderlecht (0) 0
Bologna (1) 2 (Savoldi, Rizzo) 35,000
Anderlecht: Reiter (Barth); Van Binst, Volders, Dockx, Plaskie, Verheyen, Lievens, Doncevic (Broos), Mulder, Van Himst, Rensenbrink.
Bologna: Vavassori; Roversi, Fedele, Cresci, Battisodo, Gregori, Perani, Rizzo, Savoldi, Bulgarelli (Landini), Pace.

Rapid Bucharest (2) 2 (Dumitru, Eac)
Napoli (0) 0
Rapid: Radnoiane; Pop, Boc, Musat, Dinu, Lupescu, Nastureacu, Ene, Neagu, Dumitru, Anghelescu.
Napoli: Zoff; Ripari, Pogliana, Zurlini, Panzanato, Perego, Sormani, Juliano, Macchi (Abbondanza), Altafini (Enzo), Improta.

Locomotiv Plovdiv (1) 3 (Ankov pen, Bonev 2)
Carl Zeiss Jena (1) 1 (Schaller)
Locomotiv Plovdiv: Bontschev; Todorov, Stambolicv, Petv, Panaiotin, Valkov, Vassilev, Bonev, Ankov, Paunov, Ivanov (Pavlov).
Carl Zeiss: Blochwitz (Grapenthin); Kurbjuweit, Rock, Irmscher, Poisse, Strempel, Weise, Stein, Peter Ducke, Scheller, Vogel.

Real Madrid (0) 2 (Aguilar, Santillana)
Basle (0) 1 (Siegenthaler) 60,000
Real: Garcia; Zunzunegui (De Felipe), Benito, Verdugo, Grosso, Zoco, Aguilar, Amancio (Grande), Santillana, Velazquez, Amarda.
Basle: Kunz; Fischli, Siegenthaler, Mundschin, Ramseier, Sundermann, Balmer, Odermatt, Hitzfeld, Hauser, Demarmels.

Juventus (3) 5 (Novellini 3, Haller, Furino)
Mersa (0) 0
Juventus: Carmignani, Spinosi (Longobucco), Marchetti, Furino, Morini, Roveta, Haller, Causio, Anastasi, Capello (Viola).
Marsa: Muscat; Tonna (Dimechi), Cassar (V.), Faure, Vella, Ferriggi, Brincat, Portelli (Bajada), Farrugia, Cassar (J.), Camilleri.

Botev Vratsa (1) 1 (Tinkov)
Dynamo Zagreb (1) 2 (Rasic, Senzen) 20,000
Botev: Tasev; Petrov, Zenov, Petcov, Camenov (P.), Jordanov, Tochcov (Bacargiev), Raicov, Angelov (Yasov), Camenov (G.), Camenov (E.).
Dynamo: Dasibegiovic; Mihilovic, Valec, Valec, Ramljak, Blaskovic, Senzen, Lalic, Deac, Rora (Piris), Cercek (Bamis).

Austria Salzburg ( ) 3
UT Arad ( ) 1
Salzburg: Kaipel; Fitzhoser, Kibler, Hayruhber, Larionowa, Blutsch, Himschrodt, Hala (Stadler), Ritter, Grosser, Weidinger.
UT Arad: Vidac; Biro, Lerster, Popovici, Petescu, Poszony, Sima, Kun, Brosnovschi, Dumide, Both.

VSS Kosice ( ) 2
Spartak Moscow ( ) 1
Kosice: Svajlen, Kralka, Bomba, Stevcik, Jutka, Stafura, Angyal, Strasz, Pollak, Danko, Boros.
Spartak: Kavazashvili; Logofet, Osinin, Lovcav, Abramov, Khaikv, Kirzojev, Khusainov, Piskarjov, Kalinov, Silagadra.

Djurgaarden (1) 2 (Renberg, Sjoberg)
OFK Belgrade (1) 2 (Zec, Yurerick) 1,700
Djurgaarden: Maffson; Karlsson, Tjoberg, Nilsson (Sundbag), Boggren, Grangvist, Akersbor, Rasberg, Jonson, Bimkoupel.
Belgrade: Borota; Vukasivovic, Stepanovic, Mesanovic, Mitrovic (Lukic), Tasudisa (Djordevic), Stojanovic, Zec, Santrac, Gugleta, Petkovic.

FC Bruges (2) 3 (Rijnders, Cartens 2)
Zeleznicar Sarajevo (1) 1 (Derakovic) 20,000
Bruges: Sanders; Bastijns, Velkeneers, Vandendjele, Cartens, Houwaart (Marmenout), Rijnders, Thio, Lambert, Veenstra (Moelaert), Puls.
Zeleznicar: Janjic; Kojovic, Becirspahic, Kadric, Katalinski, Hadziabdic, Jelusic, Bratic, Bukal, Spreso, Derakovic.

PSV Eindhoven ( )
Chemie Halle ( )

Union Teplice (0) 2
Zaglebie Walbrzych (0) 3
Union Teplice: Studeny, Mosa, Senicky, Koubek, Smetana, Novak, Vojta, Melichar, Setinsky, Strakl, Vobornik (Knebort).
Zaglebie: Szeja; Pietraszewski, Pazdzior, Sikykowicz, Cieslowic, Galas, Augustyniak, Nowak, Stachuka, Osterczyl, Kwiatkowski.

Panionios (0) 1 (Intraglos pen)
Atletico Madrid (0) 0
Panionios: Filis; Christodoulou, Theoffilopoulos, Papasikas, Kyriazis, Moraitelis, Charlas, Intanghou, Lagios, Dedes (Chiotis), Mavrus.
Atletico: Rodriguez; Delgado, Calleja (Vicente), Adelardo, Overjero, Iglesias, Salcedo, Luis, Garate (Orayen), Irusta, Fernandez.

De Morphou ( ) 0
AC Milan ( ) 3 (Villa 2, Rivera)
De Morphou: Kyriacou; Tsiakkas, Skapoullis, Argyrou, Charilaou, Symeonidis, Xenophontos, Christophorou, Tsiakkas, Exadaktylos, Skapoullis.
Milan: Cudicini; Anquilletti, Sabadini, Malderi (Rosato), Schnellinger, Gollano, Biasiolo (Golin), Benetti, Villa, Rivera, Prati.

Rapid Vienna beat Viznija (scratched)

Standard Liege manager Rene Hauss with former international Takac.

JUVENTUS THE TEAM TO BEAT

from PHILIP EVANS

BEST dealt with quickly, perhaps, is the Italy-Austria international played towards the end of November in Rome. It was a game that saw the Italians take the field without Mazzola, Rivera, Corso, Burgnich, Rosato; a game that placed no psychological pressures upon the home side; a game that answered unhappily those who have recently suggested that Valcareggi's squads lack youthful zest. Sala, the young Torino midfield player, had a good half hour as a substitute; Bet and Santarini played reasonably well in defence; but cohesion and purpose were always lacking. Messy, uninstructive, best forgotten.

Splendid consolation, however, in the vicissitudes of the league championship. Haller is already saying that Juventus will win the title, but Haller has had his fair share of foolish sayings in the past, and it is early days yet. None, however, can deny that Juventus have established themselves as the team to beat, picking up points consistently, finding the knack of thrashing the minnows without over-exertion, producing enough skill and flair against the more seasoned warriors to see themselves through.

Unsighted

Inter have taken part in two generally nasty matches in the past month. The first saw them lose the first derby of the season by the odd goal in five to AC Milan, with Concetto Lo Bello diplomatically unsighted in regard to some consistent unpleasantness off the ball by players of both teams. The other was the more recent goalless draw with Cagliari, again at San Siro. So often it happens—the cries go up that Riva and Boninsegna are on the same field together and will you people please rush to buy your tickets for the goal-feast of the season.

But no. More than one commentator remarked that the crowd for the Cagliari game should have had a refund. It was mere coincidence that on the same weekend, Leeds United and Chelsea niggled each other into a comatising goalless draw at Stamford Bridge. But the emotional parallels are there to be drawn.

Odd goal

AC Milan are infuriating, of course, losing at home to Mantova one Sunday, travelling the next to Bologna and winning comprehensively. Renato Lucchi, the Mantova coach, is a pleasant fellow who knows well enough that he can aim for little more than surety of a place for his team in next season's *Serie* A. Little wonder, then, at his near-hysteria after Mantova stole the game at San Siro with a goal three minutes from time.

Torino lost the town derby game to Juventus by the odd goal in three, travelled to Fiorentina and forced a draw, picked up full points at the generosities of Catanzaro and Sampdoria and are settling into their rightful place, a third of the way down the table. Energetic young team, with some of the stars of the future, but lacking coolness in a crisis at the back, coolness in a stalemate up front.

Roma had two good wins, each by a score of 3-1, against Varese and Mantova. They then played hosts to Cagliari, were comprehensively outplayed, came back for a draw in the closing minutes thanks to some crazy refereeing (or not so crazy in the context of southern crowd behavioural patterns), then travelled to Napoli and were drubbed 4-0. In the Cagliari game, Niccolai and Amarildo were sent off, the former for uttering a phrase injurious to the delicate sensibilities of the referee, the latter for throwing a left hook in the direction of Tomasini's visage. When Amarildo retires some worthy might have the idea of presenting him with a stuffed ass's head; for Amarildo leads the table of most-punished footballers to have played in the Italian league by an autostrada. What's known as being combative, or petulant, or just plain stupid.

Fiorentina have picked up six points from the last four games, are riding high but have Cagliari, Inter and Juventus to meet before they reach the half-way stage for the season. Clerici and Chiarugi are scoring their goals for them, both talented players wayward in application. Ferrante is still injured, fine club player that he is, one who will strengthen the defence appreciably on his return.

Replacement

The other side of the brown hills, Bologna are in a state of crisis with no points gained from their last five games. Fabbri's head is close to the chopping-block, as though it was all his fault, poor fellow. The simple fact is that the squad has suffered desperately from injury problems, lacks the surety in defence that was there last season, and in attack has failed to come up with an adequate replacement tactic for the high cross aimed at the head of Savoldi. People are reading his game too easily, and without his goals Bologna fight always with their backs to the wall.

No great revelations among the lesser fry towards the bottom of the table. Cannon-fodder for *I Grandi*. But the town of Montova took a long time to simmer down after that win at San Siro. One or two of those a season never did Italian football any harm.

Inter Milan forward Boninsegna.

League Tables

ARGENTINA

Group A

River Plate 16 pts., Newell's Old Boys 15, Independiente 14, Belgrano (Cordoba) 12, Argentinos Juniors 12, Ferrocarril Oeste 11, Banfield 10, San Martin 8, Gimnasia y Esgrima de la Plate 7, Kimberley 6, Huracan 6, Don Orione 4, Juventus Antoniana 3, Huracan (C. Rivadavia) 0.

Group B

Boca Juniors 15, Rosario Central 15, Atlanta 13, San Lorenzo 12, Gimnasia y Esgrima 12, Velez Sarsfield 10, Racing Club 8, Colon (Santa Fe) 8, Huracan (Bahia Blanca) 11, Guarani A. Franco 7, San Martin (Tucuman) 6, Estudiantes 5, Chacarita Juniors 4, Central Cordoba 4.

URUGUAY

Nacional 30, Penarol 30, Liverpool 29, Bella Vista 26, Danubio 23, River Plate 20, Defensor 18, Cerro 18, Huracan Buceo 17, Sud America 15, Central 13, Racing 13.

BRAZIL

The first stage of the championship has ended. The top six teams from two groups go on to the next round.

Group A

Corinthians 26, Cruzeiro 23, Internacional 23, Palmeiras 22, Curitiba 22, Vasco de Gama 19, Fluminense 18, Santa Cruz 17, Portuguesa 17, Ceara 9.

Group B

Gremio (Porto Alegre) 23, Atletico 23, Santos 22, America 21, Botafogo 20, San Paulo 19, Flamengo 18, Bahia 18, Americo 13, Esporte 12.

CHILE

San Felipe 28, Colo-Colo 27, Universidad de Chile 34, Union Espanola 34, Concepcion 33, La Calera 32, Rangers 32, La Serena 32, O'Higgins 30, Antofagasta 28, Everton 27, Universidad Catolica 26, Wanderers 26, Huachipato 24, Lota-Schwager 23, Magallnes 22, Green Cross 21, Audax-Italiana 21.

COLOMBIA

Millionarios 29, Nacional 27, Once Caldas 26, Santa Fe 25, Deportivo Quindo 22, Deportivo Cali 22, Cucuta 20, Deportivo Pereira 17, America de Cali 17, Junior de Baranquilla 16, Union Magdalana 16, Real Cartagena 15, Oro Negro 15, Tolima 13.

PERU

Universitario de Deportes 36, Juan Aurich de Chiclana 30, Alianza Lima 28, Sporting Cristal 28, Defensor Lima 27, Deportivo Municipal 27, Sport Boys 24, Mariano Melgar 24, Torino 21, Tuman 20, Manucci 19, Defensor Arica 18, Octavio Espinoza 14, Galvez 12, ADO 12, Porvenir de Miraflores 11.

MEXICO

Group One

	P	W	D	L	Pts
AMERICA (Mexico C)	6	5	1	0	11
Leon	6	3	2	1	8
Cruz Azul (Mexico City)	6	3	1	2	7
Jalisco	6	2	2	2	6
Laguna	6	2	2	2	6
San Luis	6	3	0	3	6
Zacatepec	6	1	3	2	5
Atletico Espanol (Mex.)	6	2	1	3	5
Veracruz	6	1	2	3	4

Group Two

	P	W	D	L	Pts
MONTERREY	6	4	1	1	9
Universidad (Mexico C)	6	3	2	1	8
Guadalajara	6	2	3	1	7
Toluca	6	3	1	2	7
Puebla	6	1	3	2	5
Atlante (Mecico City)	6	2	1	3	5
Pachuca	6	1	3	2	5
Torreon	6	1	1	4	3
Irapuato	6	0	1	5	1

Fazekas of Hungary.

HUNGARY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Ujpesti Dozsa	15	10	4	1	44	14	24
Ferencvaros	15	8	4	3	37	16	20
Salgotarjan	15	7	6	2	26	16	20
Honved	15	7	5	3	21	12	19
Vasas	15	7	4	4	26	15	18
Komlo	15	5	7	3	17	25	17
Tatabanya	15	6	4	5	25	23	16
Csepel	15	5	5	5	16	19	15
Raba	15	3	8	4	16	25	14
Egyetertes	15	3	7	5	15	18	13
Pecs	15	3	7	5	7	10	13
Videoton	15	5	3	7	15	22	13
Haladas	15	3	5	7	19	23	11
Eger	15	3	4	8	19	35	10
Diosgyor	15	3	3	9	18	29	9
MTK	15	1	4	10	9	28	6

JAPAN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Yanmar Diesel	14	9	4	1	32	13	22
Mitsubishi	14	7	4	3	32	12	18
Shin-Nihon Steel	14	8	2	4	34	23	18
Hitachi	14	7	4	3	18	17	18
Furukawa	14	5	5	4	24	24	15
Toyo Kogyo	14	3	4	7	11	17	10
Nihon-Kokan	14	2	4	8	11	23	8
Nagoya Sogo B'k	14	0	3	11	10	43	3

HUNGARY QUALIFY — FRANCE LOSE TO BULGARIA

Bulgaria 2, France 1
(Sofia)

As many had suspected, Hungary stood by to let Bulgaria and France each other and proceeded to pick up the main prize of a place in the quarter-finals. France needed to win this match by four clear goals to qualify in the Hungarians' place, and Bulgaria made it clear from the start that any sort of victory was beyond their powers.

The game became slower and slower, and half-time arrived without any score. But almost immediately following the re-start, Bulgaria's Zhekov scored direct from a free-kick. Michailov, fresh from his triumph over the Spanish amateur side, scored a second goal eight minutes from time, leaving Blanchet to salvage a little French pride by taking advantage of an error by Goranov.

European Championship

GROUP 1

Czechoslovakia 1, Finland 1
Rumania 3, Finland 0
Wales 0, Rumania 0
Wales 1, Czechoslovakia 3
Czechoslovakia 1, Rumania 0
Finland 0, Wales 1
Finland 0, Czechoslovakia 4
Wales 3, Finland 0
Czechoslovakia 1, Wales 0
Rumania 2, Czechoslovakia 0
Rumania 2, Wales 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
RUMANIA	6	4	1	1	11	1	9
Czechoslovakia	6	4	1	1	10	4	9
Wales	6	2	1	3	5	6	5
Finland	6	0	1	5	1	16	1

GROUP 2

Norway 1, Hungary 3
France 3, Norway 1
Bulgaria 1, Norway 1
Hungary 1, France 1
Hungary 0, Bulgaria 3
Norway 1, Bulgaria 4
Norway 1, France 3
Hungary 2, Bulgaria 0
France 0, Hungary 2
Hungary 3, Norway 0
France 2, Bulgaria 1
Bulgaria 2, France 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
HUNGARY	6	4	1	1	11	5	9
France	6	3	1	2	10	8	7
Bulgaria	6	3	1	2	11	7	7
Norway	6	0	1	5	5	17	1

GROUP 3

Malta 1, Greece 1
Greece 0, Switzerland 1
Malta 0, Switzerland 2
Malta 0, England 1
Switzerland 5, Malta 0
England 3, Greece 0
England 5, Malta 0
Switzerland 1, Greece 0
Greece 2, Malta 0
Switzerland 2, England 3
England 1, Switzerland 1
Greece 0, England 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
ENGLAND	6	5	1	0	15	3	11
Switzerland	6	4	1	1	12	5	9
Greece	6	1	1	4	3	8	3
Malta	6	0	1	5	2	16	1

GROUP 4

Spain 3, Northern Ireland 0
Cyprus 1, Russia 3
Cyprus 0, Northern Ireland 3
Northern Ireland 5, Cyprus 0
Cyprus 0, Spain 2
Russia 2, Spain 1
Russia 6, Cyprus 1
Northern Ireland 1, Russia 1
Spain 0, Russia 0
Scotland 1, Belgium 0
Spain 7, Cyprus 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
RUSSIA	6	4	2	0	13	4	10
Spain	5	3	1	1	13	2	7
N. Ireland	5	2	1	2	9	5	5
Cyprus	6	0	0	6	2	26	0

GROUP 5

Denmark 0, Portugal 1
Scotland 1, Denmark 0
Belgium 2, Denmark 0
Belgium 3, Scotland 0
Belgium 3, Portugal 0
Portugal 2, Scotland 0
Portugal 5, Denmark 0
Denmark 1, Belgium 2
Denmark 1, Scotland 0
Scotland 2, Portugal 1
Scotland 1, Belgium 0
Portugal 1, Belgium 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
BELGIUM	6	4	1	1	11	3	9
Portugal	6	3	1	2	10	6	7
Scotland	6	3	0	3	4	7	6
Denmark	6	1	0	5	2	11	1

GROUP 6

Eire 1, Sweden 1
Sweden 1, Eire 0
Austria 1, Italy 2
Italy 3, Eire 0
Eire 1, Italy 2
Sweden 1, Austria 4
Eire 1, Austria 4
Sweden 0, Italy 0
Austria 0, Sweden 1
Austria 1, Sweden 0
Austria 6, Eire 0
Italy 3, Sweden 0
Italy 2, Austria 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
ITALY	6	4	2	0	12	4	10
Austria	6	3	1	2	13	6	7
Sweden	6	2	2	2	3	5	6
Eire	6	0	1	5	3	17	1

GROUP 7

Holland 1, Yugoslavia 1
Luxembourg 0, Yugoslavia 2
East Germany 1, Holland 0
Luxembourg 0, East Germany 5
Holland 6, Luxembourg 0
Yugoslavia 1, Holland 0
East Germany 2, Luxembourg 1
East Germany 1, Yugoslavia 2
Holland 3, East Germany 2
East Germany 0, Yugoslavia 0
Yugoslavia 0, Luxembourg 0
Holland 8, Luxembourg 0

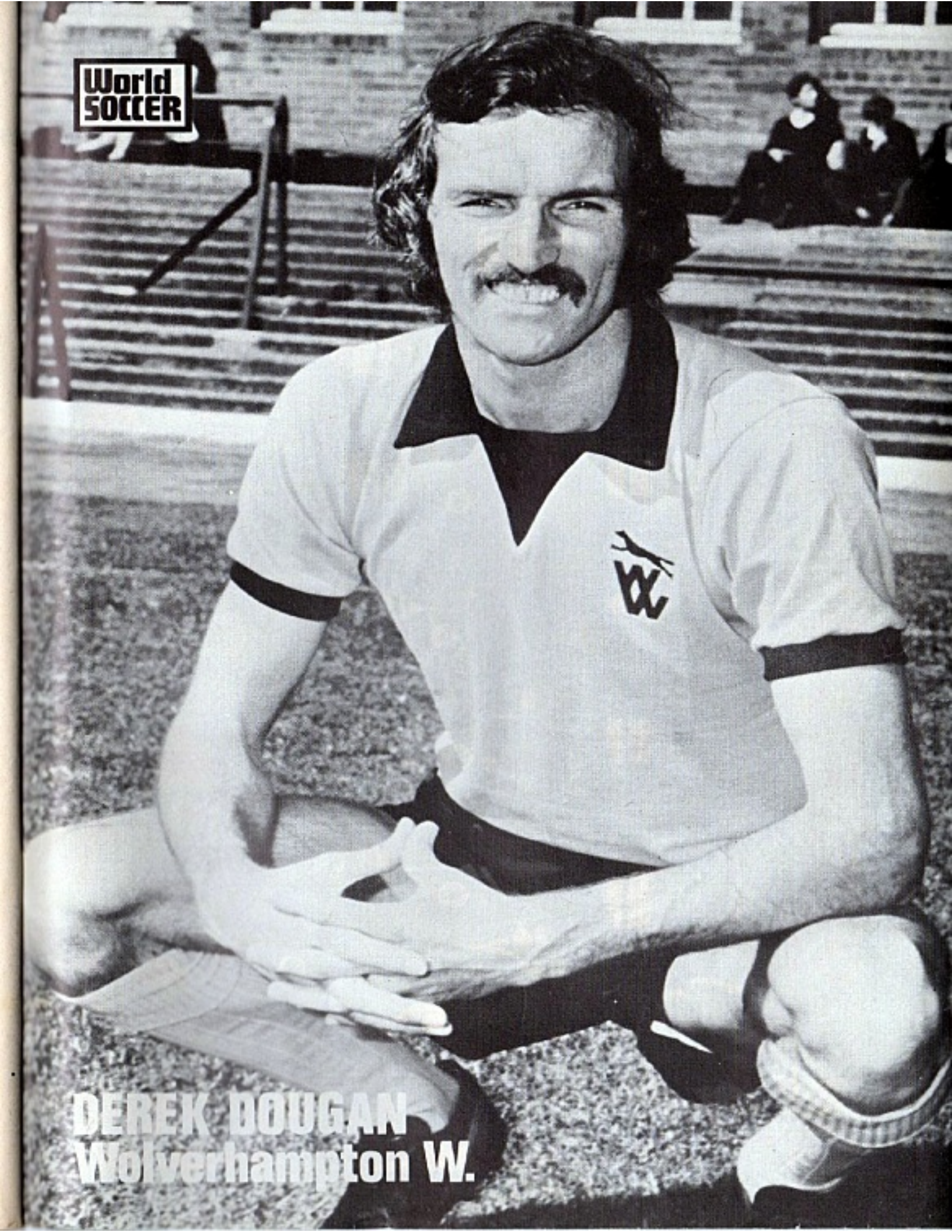
	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
YUGOSLAVIA	6	3	3	0	7	3	9
East Germany	6	3	1	2	11	6	7
Holland	6	3	1	2	18	6	7
Luxembourg	6	0	1	5	1	23	1

GROUP 8

Poland 3, Albania 0
West Germany 1, Turkey 1
Turkey 2, Albania 1
Albania 0, West Germany 1
Turkey 0, West Germany 3
Albania 1, Poland 1
West Germany 2, Albania 0
Poland 5, Turkey 1
Poland 1, West Germany 3
Albania 3, Turkey 0
West Germany 0, Poland 0
Turkey 1, Poland 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
W. Germany	6	4	2	0	10	2	10
Poland	6	2	2	2	10	6	6
Turkey	6	2	1	3	5	13	5
Albania	6	1	1	4	5	9	3

England's Geoff Hurst is challenged by Kapsis of Greece in Athens.


World SOCCER
DEREK DOUGAN
Wolverhampton W.

SCOTLAND

Back row left to right: Tommy Docherty (Manager), Davie Hay, Eddie Colquhoun, Bob Wilson, Pat Stanton, George Graham, Sandy Jardine and Tom McNiven (Trainer).
Front row: Jimmy Johnstone, Archie Gemmill, Billy Bremner, Alex Cropley and John O'Hare.